

MANAGER OF ELITE THEATER WAS LOST

Manager of Waukegan Elite Theater Has Thrilling Experience on Water

WAS HUNTING AT THE TIME

Had Gone to Gages Lake With Friends to Hunt. Was in Row Boat and Lost. Oars, Floated For Three Hours

Carl Muller, manager of the Elite theater in Waukegan had a thrilling adventure which might have had a more serious end, early Wednesday when he became lost on the waters of Gages Lake and drifted about for several hours in an oarless boat.

Mr. Muller left the city at three o'clock in the morning with George N. Powell and Charles Quiggle and Frank Moulton. They intended to go to the lake and spend several hours in hunting and then return home. On reaching the lake they took separate boats and made arrangements to meet again at the landing within a certain time.

After Mr. Muller, who is an experienced hunter has passed some distance out into the lake, he saw a mud hen some distance from him and rose to his feet to shoot at it. In stooping to get his gun he dropped the oars. They were not fastened to the side of the boat and floated off into the water. Mr. Muller did not notice this until after he had fired his gun and then it was too late to ascertain where they were. The reeds are thick in the lake and these hid the oars from view.

The hunter then tried to pull himself in nearer the shore of the lake by the aid of the reeds but he could make no headway this way as the reeds pulled out from the bottom. For several hours Mr. Muller drifted about on the lake. He called for help but could not raise a reply.

In the meantime the other members of the party had returned to the meeting place. After they had waited for some time for Mr. Muller's return they began to get worried and took their boats and went out into the lake looking for him. They searched for some time but were unsuccessful in locating him.

They returned to shore and were about to get the aid of a guide when they noticed a small motor boat coming in from the far end of the lake. It had the row boat in tow and Mr. Muller was seen sitting in the stern. He was nearly exhausted when they helped him step to shore and it was nearly an hour before he was able to start on the return trip to Waukegan.

Many such accidents have happened on Gages Lake. Several serious cases have resulted from hunters becoming lost on its waters.

Robbing the Farmer

The farmer is robbed "acemin and agoin."

When his raw material is ready for the market he ships it over a trust railroad to the tobacco trust, the grain trust, the sugar trust, the beef trust and the blnder trust.

He buys his machinery from the harvester trust, his sugar from the sugar trust, his tobacco from the tobacco trust and his lumber from the lumber trust.

He is compelled to patronize a trust for nearly everything he uses on the farm. The trusts rob him when he sells and when he buys.

If the farmer wants to stop this robbery he must vote for the public or national ownership of the trusts. Let the Nation own the trusts. Vote the Socialist ticket—Advertisement.

New Cure for Rheumatism.

Excellent results are being obtained in Paris by treating sufferers from rheumatism with what are known as paraffin baths. The patients are placed in envelopes made of mineral wax which are raised to a temperature of 66 degrees and are kept there for 24 hours.

British Coal Consumption.

Great Britain consumes 34,000,000 tons of coal annually for domestic purposes alone.

COW QUARANTINE DEFIED AT ST. CHARLES

Murray Akin of St. Charles announced last week that he has sold the 23 head of cattle which were brought to St. Charles from Iowa without being subjected to the tuberculin test, and in defiance of Gov. Dunne's order. He stated that he has sold the cattle to a number of persons and that they are now scattered in many parts of northern Illinois.

The cattle were shipped from Tripoli, La., and the railroad would not allow them to be unloaded at St. Charles. Attorney D. Harvey Gonsal of Aurora, representing Mr. Akin, secured a writ of replevin in the circuit court and gained possession of the cattle.

The Cattle Breeders' and the Milk Producers' Association supporting Mr. Akin.

Assistant State Veterinarian Charles Pierce of Elgin went to St. Charles August 6, the day after the cattle were seized, and his purpose was to quarantine the animals. He said he could not locate them.

The opponents to the tuberculin test claim that they could not quarantine the cattle under the law passed in 1885, as it was repealed in 1895. The cattle dealers and attorneys wanted the animals quarantined, as they claim they are anxious to make a legal test of the fight to have an embargo on non tested cattle brought from another state.

Upholds Tuition Law

Lake County residents will be interested in the announcement from Jacksonville, Ill., and which states the upholding of Judge Norman L. Jones in the circuit court of Morgan county of the State Law which makes it obligatory upon the directors of school districts wherein no high school is maintained to pay the tuition of pupils who desire to attend high school elsewhere.

The ruling of the judge is of interest here as there are two cases now pending in the courts of Lake county of a similar nature. In one of the cases the student attends the local high school. The cases will be heard during the present term of court. Just what effect the ruling of the Morgan county Judge will have on the local cases has not been determined.

There are many cases of the same nature pending in other counties in the state in which it has been planned to test the law. The school trustees of the various districts apparently regard the law as unstable.

Unkind Comment.

"See, darling," and Mrs. Justwed held up for her husband's gaze three mirrors arranged so as to give as many reflections. "I can get a triple view of myself!"

"Humph!" gurgled her brute of a man, struggling with his collar. "You seem to be quite popular with yourself!"—Judge's Quarterly.

She Asks Too Much.

When a woman goes away to spend Sunday, it she would give her husband directions concerning the fourteen or fifteen most important things that ought to be done around the house in her absence. Instead of censuring the whole fifty-seven, he would stand more chance of remembering at least some of 'em.—Houston Post.

As the World Looks at It.

The man who suffers in silence may be heroic, but the man who "makes a holler" seems more sociable and is therefore more popular.

News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class news paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate become effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

LETTERS FIGURE IN SUICIDE

Miss Mary Sullivan of West Highland Park Takes Poison of Unknown Nature

ACTED STRANGE FOR WEEKS

Coroner's Jury Worked For Some Time on Case, Operates on Victim to Locate Poison

Two mysterious letters, believed to be love notes, figure prominently in the suicide of Mary Sullivan, 40 year old waitress employed by Mrs. Dixon Miller, who lives a half mile east of the Deerfield village limits, the victim's death having occurred at 3:35 o'clock at the Lake county hospital where she was rushed after it had been found she was dying supposedly from effects of poison taken with suicidal intent.

The inquest was held at Larsen-Holl and's undertaking rooms, Waukegan, Wednesday morning and much of interest developed.

Mrs. Miller, who with her husband has a fine summer home on the Highland Park road, was the first witness on the stand.

She told of the cook having trouble getting the waitress up Tuesday morning, having to call her twice and Mrs. Miller herself having to insist that she get up and set the table. She added that the girl seemed dazed as she went about her work. After breakfast Mrs. Miller went to Chicago, returning just before 12. In the meantime, Miss Sullivan had become very sick and Dr. Davis had been called twice. Her condition grew worse and she was then sent to the Lake County hospital.

Mrs. Miller stated that Dr. Davis and Mr. Miller searched the girl's trunk and suit case but found no trace of poison, found no letters, or anything to indicate why she desired to end her life.

Mrs. Miller said she had heard Miss Sullivan had a sister, Mrs. Wheaton, who lives near Cottage Grove avenue and 43rd street. Mrs. Miller said the girl was a wonderful waitress and up to a few days ago had been a model servant in the three weeks she had been employed by her.

That the suicide of the maid was most untimely from a social standpoint was indicated when Mrs. Miller told on the stand that, on her return from the city, she began to arrange for guests who had been invited to a luncheon and a bridge party. When a reporter called her Tuesday she asked to be excused because her guests were then arriving. At the time the girl was dying in her room and shortly afterwards was taken to the hospital. Naturally the luncheon and bridge party was broken.

Miss Olson, the cook, told of the woman acting strangely since a week ago Monday last when she received a letter which seemed to upset her. Then, when on the following Thursday another letter came, she grew more strange in her actions.

"I think it was a love affair and that the letters may have come from some man. She tried to tell me about the affair but I did not encourage her," said the cook, adding: "I caught enough of it to think that she had a love affair with a street car conductor on the Cottage Grove line. (Later she gave the name of the man to Coroner Taylor who will communicate with him in order to reach the victim's sister, Beth Mrs. Miller and the cook desired to keep his name from print because it might connect him with a case in which he was not directly interested.)

Daily Thought.

I tell you—it may be for the hundredth time, but it is the very truth—that this is the working day; that this is the watching hour, and that our supreme duty is to work until the day is done and darkness falls upon the field; to watch until the hour is ended.—Raleigh.

Curious Astigmatism.

A London reporter has been exploiting American tourists who see London in a day. It is still more interesting to reflect that a lot of these rushing people, although right at home in the city, do not see New York in a lifetime.

MRS. JANE PALMER PASSED AWAY AT LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Jane Palmer, an old resident of Lake Villa, passed away at the home of her daughter Mrs. E. Thayer early Monday morning, October 5, following an illness of two weeks duration from paralysis, having reached the advanced age of 87 years, 7 months and 2 days.

The deceased was born in Langport, England, in 1827, at the age of 19 she moved to Somersetshire, where she was united in marriage to John Palmer, who preceded her to the great beyond about eight years. From this union were born twelve children eight sons and four daughters, seven of whom survive her. They are: Walter, of Antioch; Alfred of Seattle, Wash.; James of Victoria B. C.; Charles of Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Geo. Farrow of Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Charlotte Feck Evanston and Mrs. E. Thayer of Lake Villa. She also leaves twenty grandchildren, twenty-two great grand children and one great great grand child. Mrs. Palmer came with her family to this country 39 years ago and settled in Lake Villa, where she has resided ever since. She with her husband united with the M. E. church at Lake Villa soon after their arrival and was a devoted Christian.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon with burial in Angola Cemetery beside her husband.

Farewell dear mother, sweet thy rest, Weary with years and worn with pain Farewell, till in some happy place We shall behold thy face again.

'Tis ours to miss thee, all our years And tender memories of thee keep Thine in the Lord to rest, for so, He giveth his beloved sleep.

Card of Thanks

The family wish to extend their thanks to the singers, who so kindly contributed their services at the funeral.

Her Children.

Death of Robert Wield Minto
Robert Wield Minto, the third son of David and Jane Johnson Minto was born near Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Feb. 28, 1839. The following year he came with his parents and two older brothers, John and William to America, and in 1843 the family settled upon a farm near Antioch, Ill. In 1867 Robert Minto went to California, making his home at Eagleville, in Surprise Valley and here he has ever since resided until his death on the morning of Sept. 30, 1914. Two brothers survive him, Wm. of Berkeley, Cal., and David, who lives on the old homestead near Antioch. He also leaves two daughters Mrs. George Hudspeth and Edith and two sons, Robert and Elmer, all of whom reside at Eagleville.

SUIT THAT HE WAS SAVING

Jones' Explanation Probably Did Not Tend to Soothe Hisirate Partner at Whist.

Jones didn't want to play cards; never had wanted to play cards in his life, and said so. But to no purpose. His objections, conscientious and otherwise, were waved on one side by the red faced person who was looking for a partner.

Jones took his seat at the card table. Before they had been playing 15 seconds Jones and the red-faced person took a 40-horsepower dilliko for each other. Then the wretched Jones made his first serious mistake. He of the ruddy complexion banged the table.

"Why on earth didn't you follow my lead?" he shouted. "It there is one man in this world today, whose odious example I would not follow, in any circumstances you are the man!" retorted Jones, with dignity.

After that the jolly pastime proceeded. Then Jones put his foot in it again, and again the rubicund one bashed the table.

"Couldn't you see me celling for a spade or club?" he boomed. "Haven't you got a black suit, man?"

"Yes, I have," said Jones, rising from the table, "and I'm jolly well hanging on to it for your funeral!"

Pearl Stringing.

Few women who own or pause to admire a beautiful string of pearls stop to think that it is a special profession, that of stringing pearls.

It is dainty work, even though monotonous. It is responsible work and takes trustworthy employees with delicate fingers to handle valuable jewels and thread the almost invisible knots.

Some owners of rare jewels refuse to allow them out of their own possession, and in that case, the jeweler must send a skilled hand to the house of the customer several times a year to do the necessary repairing.

ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE RETURNS

Many Changes Are Made, One Being the Making of Two Districts Out of Three

REV. A. O. STIXRUD REMOVED

Rev. E. K. D. Hester Was Appointed For Antioch and Hickory Charge, Rev. Hutchinson Remains at Lake Villa

After a day of intense interest the Rock River conference of the Methodist Episcopal church adjourned Monday evening.

The session marked the seventy-fifth annual meeting and was held in the Austin Methodist church.

The most radical change voted was the making of two districts out of the three Chicago districts. The new districts are to be called the Chicago Northwestern and the Chicago Southwestern. The churches formerly on the Chicago Western district were distributed among the other two districts.

There will now be five districts in the conference. The name of the Joliet district was changed to be the Aurora district, but the boundaries remain the same.

The Rev. Joseph L. Walker, former pastor of Cuyler Avenue church at Oak Park, was appointed by Bishop McDowell to be district superintendent of the Chicago Southwestern district to succeed the Rev. William Macafee.

Dr. Macafee becomes pastor of First church at Chicago. The Rev. E. W. Oneal, who has been pastor of First church at Chicago for the last eight years, becomes pastor of the Ottawa street church at Joliet.

The other district superintendents all were reappointed.

Another appointment of special interest to the conference is that of the Rev. Charles A. Kelley, who has been pastor of the Woolley Memorial church to the position of corresponding secretary of the Superannuates' Relief society.

This appointment becomes significant because there has been committed to the secretary the task of raising an endowment of \$500,000 for the benefit of retired ministers, their wives and orphans.

Rev. A. O. Stixrud was removed to take charge of Epworth church at Elgin his place here being taken by Rev. E. K. D. Hester, who will have charge of Hickory and Antioch together the same as his predecessor. Rev. Hutchinson will remain at Lake Villa for another year.

A few of Antioch's former pastors and their locations are:

F. R. McNamer, Prophetstown, E. J. Aiken, Chicago Lawn; W. B. Doble, Sterling; Benj. Rist, Sycamore; P. S. Lent, Aurora.

Daily Thought.

Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools.—Napoleon.

Things to Forget

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,

A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,

And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away

In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day

In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display

Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,

That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to clay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

KENOSHA DEPUTY INJURED AT THE RACES SUNDAY

Marsh Barber, a deputy sheriff of Kenosha county was painfully injured shortly after three o'clock Sunday afternoon, when he was endeavoring to keep the crowds from over flowing on to the tracks at the Ideal race course near Russell.

Barber was standing near one of the gates to the tracks at the time. A large number of people were trying to get through into the paddock just as the horses came on for one of the races. In his effort to keep them back Barber stepped too far onto the track and was struck in the back of the head by the sharp point of one of the thrills.

The man was knocked to the ground from where he was carried in an unconscious condition. Blood was flowing freely from a deep gash in the back of his skull and he was suffering from other injuries about the body inflicted by kicks from the horse.

He was hurried to Kenosha where he was taken to the hospital there. Last reports state that he is in a precarious condition but it is thought that he will recover from the injuries. This is the first accident of the kind to happen at the Ideal tracks.

Will Continue Daily Train

We have received inside information that the officials of the Soo Line railroad are keeping a close tab upon Antioch, patronage to what is commonly called the business man's train, due here on its south bound trip at 6:30 a. m., and on its return at 7:15 p. m.

In former years it has been the custom of the company to discontinue this train soon after Labor Day, but as an experiment they have decided to continue this train this season as long as the patronage will warrant. As the patronage from this village has always been quite heavy this has been chosen as the deciding locality.

We are informed that so far the citizens of Antioch have shown their appreciation of the convenience which this train affords by giving it their preference when traveling, and we have been asked to bring this matter before the public in an effort to induce any one who can do so to take this train instead of the Duluth special, as its gives this village the advantage one more train each day.

Fire At Fowler Farm

It is reported that there was a bad fire at the Fowler farm at Sand Lake Tuesday evening. No authentic account can be obtained as all phone connections with the place have been destroyed. As near as can be learned the largest and best residence on the farm was entirely consumed, the fire having originated from an overheated furnace. The Fowler family were not at the time but after having given up the place a few evenings prior had gone back to Chicago to have a woman to tidy up the place. It is probable that ignorance in regard to operating of the furnace caused the conflagration.

MAKING FERTILIZERS

Feeds for Farms Are Now on Board Ship From Antioch.

An American boat, the M. Adolph, represents perhaps the latest instance of the employment of electricity for purposes, says Farm and Mills is a floating oil and tory, wherein every possible use of electricity is performed under the oil and fertilizer from the menhaden fish har in appearance to the net edible.

Powerful are lights are provided to enable catching and treating go on day and night. 12 of the fish is found, and over the side of the hauled in by electric beam bins are full. Electric screw conveyors carry smaller recirculating tank cook-ically feed them into a are. In a few minutes pulped. The cooked fish through a rotary press testing oil, which is conveyed into tanks. The oil is conveyed into storage tanks, or barrels capacity. The oil fertilizer, from which an has been extracted, is forced electric fan and by the draft into a where it is bagged and

Hypothesis.

Fair Lady To her for slender, what she said I—Judge.



SYNOPSIS.

Challa Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She orders Hetty home, friendly and securely from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challa Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challa, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and repatriation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challa Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Leslie Wrاندall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He looked as though he expected nothing. He could only sit back and wonder why the deuce Sara meant by behaving like this.

They returned at seven. Dinner was unusually merry. Sara appeared to have recovered from her indisposition; there was color in her cheeks and life in her smile. He took it to be an omen of good fortune, and was immeasurably confident. The soft, cool breeze of the starlit night blew violences of impending happiness across his lively imagination; fanned his impatience with gentle ardor; filled him with suppressed sighs of contentment, and made him willing to forego the delight of conquest that he might live the longer to serene anticipation of its thrills.

Ten o'clock came. He arose and stretched himself in a sort of ecstasy. His heart was thumping loudly, his senses swam. Walking to the veranda rail he looked out across the moonlit sound, then down at the selected nook over against the garden wall—spot to be immortalized—and actually shivered. In ten minutes' time, or even less, she would be down there in his arms! Exquisite meditations!

He turned to her with an engaging smile, in which she might have discerned a prophecy, and asked her to come with him for a stroll along the wall. And so he east the die.

Hetty sat a swift, appealing look at Sara's purposely averted face. Leslie observed the act, but misinterpreted its meaning.

"Oh, it is quite warm," he said quickly. "You won't need a wrap," he added, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. Of course she wouldn't need a wrap!

"I have a few notes to write," said Sara, rising. She deliberately avoided the look in Hetty's eyes. "You will find me to the library."

She stood in the doorway and watched them descend to the terrace, a sphinx-like smile on her lips. Hetty seemed very tall and erect, as one going to meet a soldier's fate.

Then Sara entered the house and sat down to wait.

A long time after a door closed stealthily in a distant part of the house—the sun-parlor door, she knew by direction.

A few minutes later an upstairs door creaked on its hinges. Some one came in from the mellow night, and some one had been left outside. Many minutes passed. She sat at her father's writing table waiting for the other to come in. A quick, heavy footfall sounded. She fled outside and then swiftly down the hall toward the remote room in which she had looked up as he uttered her parting words.

He came across and stood over her, a vision of utter bewilderment. There was a ghastly smile on his lips.

"Oh, all, Sara," he said shrilly, "I've turned me down."

He was incapable of comprehension. Her eyes narrowed. That was the only sign of life in her face.

"Believe," he began, "I don't know what the use of this is. What's the use?"

"Where's Watson?" he asked, something to drink. "I don't know," he said, "I don't know."

"I don't know," he said, "I don't know." He looked at her with a curious feeling. She was staring at him perceptibly. He was rather limply leaning back, as if he had lost his balance. There was a faint smile on his lips. He was staring at her with a curious feeling. She was staring at him perceptibly. He was rather limply leaning back, as if he had lost his balance. There was a faint smile on his lips.

Before the

saucy, arrogant mustache eloped defectively.

"I fancy you must have gone about it very badly," she said, pursing her lips.

"Badly?" he gasped. "Why—why, good heavens, Sara, I actually pleaded with her," he went on, quite pathetically. "All but got down on my knees to her. D—n me, if I can understand myself doing it either. I must have lost my head completely. Begged like a love-sick schoolboy! And she kept on saying no—no—no! And I, like a blithering ass, kept on telling her I couldn't live without her, that I'd make her happy, that she didn't know what she was saying, and—But, good Lord, she kept on saying no! Nothing but no! Do—do you think she meant to say no? Could it have been hysteria? She said it so often, over and over again, that it might have been hysteria. I never thought of that."

"No, Leslie, it wasn't hysteria, you may be sure of that," she said deliberately. "She meant it, old fellow."

He hugged deeper in the chair. "I—I can't get it through my head," he muttered.

"As I said before, you did it badly," she said. "You took too much for granted. Isn't that true?"

"God knows I didn't expect her to refuse me," he exclaimed, glaring at her. "Would I have been such a fool as to ask her if I thought there was the remotest chance of being—?" The very thought of the word caused it to stick in his throat. He swallowed hard.

"You really love her?" she demanded.

"Love her?" There was a sob in his voice. "I adore her, Sara. I can't live without her. And the worst of it is, I love her now more than I did before. Oh, it's appalling! It's horrible! What am I to do, Sara? What am I to do?"

"Be a man for a little while, that's all," she said coolly.

"Don't joke with me," he groaned.

"Go to bed, and when you see her in the morning tell her that you understand. Thank her for what she has done for you. Be—"

"Thank her?" he almost shouted. "Yes; for destroying all that is detestable in you, Leslie—your self-conceit, your arrogance, your false notions concerning yourself—in a word, your egotism."

He blinked incredulously. "Do you know what you're saying?" he gasped. She went on as if she hadn't heard him.

"Assure her that she is to feel no compunction for what she has done; that you are content to be her loyal, devoted friend to the end of your days."

"But, hang it, Sara, I love her!"

"Don't let her suspect that you are humiliated. On the contrary, give her to understand that you are cleansed and glorified."

"What utter tommy—"

"Wait! Believe me, it is your only chance. You will have to learn some time that you can't ride roughshod among angels. Think it over, old fellow. You have had a good lesson. Profit by it."

"You mean I'm to sit down and twirl my thumbs and let some other chap snap her up under my very nose? Well, I guess not!"

"Damn it all, Sara! She—She Turned Me Down!"

"Not necessarily. If you take it manfully she may discover a new interest in you. Don't breathe a word of love to her. Go on as if nothing had happened. Don't forget that I told you in the beginning not to take on for an answer."

He drooped once more, biting his lip. "I don't see how I can ever tell mother that she refused—"

"Why tell her?" she inquired, rising. His eyes brightened. "By Jove, I shall," he exclaimed.

"I am going up to the poor child now," she went on. "I dare say you have frightened her almost to death. Naturally she is in great distress. I shall try to convince her that her decision does not alter her position in this house. I depend on you to do your part, Leslie. Make it easy for her to stay on with me."

"Hush, dearest! You are first in my

love. Better for me to lose all the others and still have you."

The girl looked at her in wonder for a long time. "Oh, I know you mean it, Sara, but—how can it be true?"

"Put yourself in my place," was all that Sara said in reply, and her composure had no means of translating the sentence.

She could only remain mute and wondering, her eyes fixed on that other mystery, the cameo face in the moon that hung high above the somber forest.

"Poor, Leslie," murmured Sara, a long time afterward, a dreamy note in her voice. "I can't put him out of my thoughts. He will never get over it. I have never seen one so stricken and yet so brave. He would have been more than a husband to you, Hetty. It is in him to be a slave to the woman he loves. I know him well, poor boy."

Hetty was silent, brooding. Sara resumed her thoughtful observations. "Why should you let what happened months ago stand in the way of—"

She got no farther than that. With an exclamation of horror, the girl sprang away from her and glowered at her with dilated eyes.

"My God, Sara!" she whispered hoarsely. "Are you mad?"

The other sighed. "I suppose you must think it of me," she said dully. "We are made differently, you and I. If I cared for a man, nothing in all this world could stand between me and him."

Hetty was still staring. "You don't mean to say you would have me marry Challa Wrاندall's brother?" she said, to a sort of stupefaction.

Sara shook her head. "I mean that you would be justified in permitting Leslie to glorify that which his brother decried; your womanhood, my dear."

"My God, Sara!" again fell in a hoarse whisper from the girl's lips. "I simply voice my point of view," explained Sara calmly. "As I said before, we look at things differently. I can't believe you mean what you said," cried Hetty. "Why—why, if I loved him with all my heart, soul and body I could not even think of— Oh, I shudder to think of it!"

"I love you," continued Sara, fixing her mysterious eyes on those of the girl, "and yet you took from me something more than a brother. I love you, knowing everything, and I am paying in full the debt he owes to you. Leslie, knowing nothing, is no less your debtor. All this is paradoxical, I know, my dear, but we must remember that while other people may be indebted to us, we also owe something to ourselves. We ought to take joy from ourselves. Please do not conclude that I am urging or even advising you to look with favor upon Leslie Wrاندall's honorable, sincere proposal of marriage. I am merely trying to convince you that you are entitled to all that any man can give you in this world of ours—we women all are, for that matter."

"I was sure that you couldn't ask me to marry him," I couldn't believe—"

"Forget what I have said, dearest, if it grieves you," cried Sara warmly. She arose and drew the girl close to her. "Kiss me, Hetty." Their lips met. The girl's eyes were closed, but Sara's were wide open and gleaming.

"It is because I love you," she said softly, but she did not complete the sentence that burned to her brain. To herself she repeated: "It is because I love you that I would scourge you with Wrاندall!"

"You are very good to me, Sara," babbled Hetty.

"You will be nice to Leslie?"

"Yes, yes! If he will only let me be his friend."

"He asks no more than that. Now, you must go to bed."

Suddenly, without warning, she held the girl tightly in her arms. Her breathing was quick, as of one moved by some sharp sensation of terror. When Hetty, in no little wonder, opened her eyes Sara's face was turned away, and she was looking over her shoulder as if cause for alarm had come from behind.

"What is it?" cried Hetty anxiously. She saw the look of dread in her companion's eyes, even as it began to fade.

"I don't know," muttered Sara. "Something, I can't tell what, came over me. I thought some one was stealing up behind me. How ally of me."

"Ah," said Hetty, with an odd smile. "I can understand how you felt."

"Hetty, will you take me in with you tonight?" whispered Sara nervously. "Let me sleep with you. I can't explain it, but I am afraid to be alone tonight." The girl's answer was a glad smile of acquiescence.

"Come with me, then, to my bedroom while I change. I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

Hetty held back, her face blanching. "No, I am not afraid," she cried at once, and started toward the door.

"There is some one in this room," said Sara a few moments later, when they were in the big bedroom down the hall.

"I—I wonder," murmured Hetty.

And yet neither of them looked about in search for the intruder!

Far into the night Sara sat in the window of Hetty's dressing room, her chin sunk low in her hands, staring moodily into the now opaque night, her eyes somber and unblinking, her body as motionless as death itself. The cooling wind caressed her and whispered warnings into her unprotected ears, but she sat there unprotected against the chill, her nightdress damp with the mist that crept up with sinister stealth from the sea.

"Stunning," was his brief comment. She was silent for a long time, so long indeed that he turned to look at her.

"A thoroughly decent, fair minded chap is Leslie Wrاندall," he pronounced, for want of something better to say. "Still, I'm bound to say, I'm sorry he is coming home tomorrow."

The red crept into her cheeks again. "I thought you were such pals," she said nervously.

"I expect to be his best man if he ever marries," said he, winking a stone at the roadside with his walking stick. Then he looked up at her furtively and added, with a quizzical smile: "Unless something happens."

"What could happen?"

"He might marry the girl I'm in love with, and, in that case, I'd have to be excused."

"Where shall we walk to this morning?" she asked abruptly. He had drawn closer to her in the roadway. "Is it too far to the old stone mill? That's where I first saw you, if you remember."

"Yes, let us go there," she said, but her heart sank. She knew what was coming. Perhaps it were best to have it over with; to put it away with the things that were to always be her lost treasures. It would mean the end of their companionship, the end of a love dream. She would have to lie to him: to tell him she did not love him.

Coming to the jog in the broad macadam, they were striking off into the narrow road that led to the quaint old mill, long since abandoned in the forest glade beyond, when their attention was drawn to a motor car, which was slowing down for the turn into Sara's domain. A cloud of dust swam in the air far behind the machine.

A bare-headed man on the seat beside the driver waved his hand to them, and two women in the tonneau bowed gravely. Both Hetty and Booth flushed uncomfortably, and hesitated in their progress up the forest road.

The man was Leslie Wrاندall. His mother and sister were in the back seat of the touring car.

"Why—why, it was Leslie," cried Booth, looking over his shoulder at the rapidly receding car. "Shall we turn back, Miss Castleton?"

"No," she cried instantly, with something like impatience in her voice. "And spoil our walk?" she added in the next breath, adding a nervous little laugh.

"It seems rather—" he began dubiously.

"Oh, let us have our day," she cried sharply, and led the way into the by-road.

They came, in the course of a quarter of an hour, to the bridge over the mill race. Beyond, in the mossy shades, stood a dilapidated, century-old structure known as Hargely's mill, a landmark with a history that included incidents of the Revolutionary war, when eager patriots held secret meetings inside its walls and plotted under the very noses of Tory adherents to the crown.

Pausing for a few minutes on the bridge, they leaned on the rail and looked down into the clear, mirror-like water of the race. Their own eyes looked up at them; they smiled into their own faces. And a feecy white cloud passed over the glittering stream and swept through their faces, off to the bank, and was gone forever.

Suddenly he looked up from the water, and fixed his eyes on her face. He had seen her clear blue eyes fill with tears as he gazed into them from the rail above.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried. "What is it?"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes as she quickly turned away. In another instant she was smiling up at him, a soft, pleading little smile that went straight to his heart.

"Shall we start back?" she asked, a quiver in her voice.

"No," he exclaimed. "I've got to go on with it now, Hetty. I didn't intend to, but—come, let us go up and sit on that familiar old log in the shade of the mill. You must, dear!"

She suffered him to lead her up the steep bank beyond and through the rocks and rotten timbers to the shattered foundations of the mill. The rickety old wheel, weather-beaten and sad, rose above them and threatened to topple over if they so much as touched its flimsy supports.

He did not release her hand after drawing her up beside him.

"You must know that I love you," he said simply.

She made no response. Her hand lay limp in his. She was staring straight before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Perfectly Justifiable.

A somewhat laggard and procrastinating student one Sunday evening went to the instructor for aid in one of his studies, asking him if he thought it was wrong to study on Sunday. He was somewhat surprised to receive the reply, "If the Master was justified in pulling the ass out of the ditch on the Sabbath, was not the ass justified in trying to get himself out?"

The Hollow of Her Hand

by

George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER XI.

In the Shadow of the Mill.

The next day but one was overcast. On cloudy, bleak days Hetty Castleton always felt depressed.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she did not want to go for a long walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation.

"Tomorrow Leslie will be here and I shall see as much of you as I'd like," he explained, rather wistfully. "There is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said, and was instantly surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window; she even looked for the sun in her eagerness.

It was then that she knew why the world had been bleaker than usual, even in its cloak of gray.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept him at the gates. Unknown to her, Sara sat in her window, and viewed her departure with gloomy eyes. The world also was gray for her.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet his eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange shyness attending them. She experienced the faintness of breath that comes when the heart is filled with pleasant alarms. As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms, to keep her there forever, to exert all of his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself but a part of him.

They uttered commonplacees. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must paint you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are today—an outdoor girl, a glorious-outdoor girl!"

"In muddy boots," she laughed, drawing her skirt away to reveal a shapely foot in an American walking shoe.

He smiled and gave voice to a new thought. "By Jove, how much better looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!"

"Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, do you?"

"Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

"Oh, how tired you will become of me!"

"Try me!"

"Besides, you are to do Sara at once. She has consented to sit to you. She will be wonderful, Mr. Booth, oh, how wonderful!"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of this rapt opinion.

She made no response.

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Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple

Tropical Hawaii, the home of the finest Pineapple, is too distant to supply you with the fresh fruit that has ripened on the plant. If you want the delicious Hawaiian Pineapple in all its perfection after fully ripening in the field, buy Libby's. Yellow and mellow when harvested and placed right into the tin the day it is picked. You can buy it sliced or crushed.

At Your Grocers

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

Need Cheer in the Kitchen.
Too many women are cheerful in the parlor and are not so in the kitchen, said Dr. Stanley J. Krebs, the her afternoon to the women—and her men—that formed the audience of his second series of lectures at the Propylaeum. Doctor Krebs is taking the adult for his subject. He told of a person may be cheerful under adverse circumstances, and he quoted a friend who was and had been a ripple from rheumatism forty years, and yet she is the cheeriest of women. "Cheerfulness," he said, "is the sunshine of the soul. A person gets joy and life from what is received and this woman preached by her life." Cultivated people should be cheerful, he said, and added there are three things that cheerfulness will do. It will drive away the gout, it will make one live long and it will make one good looking and attractive.—Indianapolis News.

Premonitory.
Hobbs—Why do you call Grouche-leigh the human tadpole?
Slobbs—Oh, he always feels that he has a kick coming.—Philadelphia Record.

Many a man who tries to make money merely succeeds in making trouble.

Cupid could give the fool killer a lot of pointers.

SOME FLIES IN OINTMENT

Bride Was Happy Enough, but There Were a Few Things That Might Be Improved On.

A maid who had been employed in the Henauer home for several years took unto herself a husband and went to a nearby town to live. One day about a month after the wedding she came to call on her former mistress, who said:

"Well, Phoebe, I hope that you are happy in your new home. How is your husband?"

"To this the bride of a month made reply:

"Well, reckon I'm happy enough, but the chimney in the kitchen don't draw none too good, an' the water in the well is so brackish I ain't never goin' to git used to it. As for my husband, well, ma'am, it's with him as it is with your man an' all the rest of 'em, if the Lord had 'em to make over he could improve some on the job. Ain't eggs terrible high?"

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Not Lost.
"Why, baby, you have lost a tooth."
"No, I haven't lost it, mother. I swallowed it."

BRAVES WIN THIRD

Boston Defeats Philadelphia Athletics 5 to 4 in Twelve Innings.

GOWDY IS HERO OF SERIES

"Hank" Makes Home Run in Final Round and Captures Game—Tyler and James Opposed Bush on the Slab.

Peaway Park, Boston, Oct. 14.—The Boston Braves made it three straight on the Athletics on Monday when they won a hard-fought 12-inning game by a score of 5 to 4.

The game was played before one of the greatest crowds that ever witnessed a world's series. It was lost by a wild throw by Bush, the nervy Athletic pitcher, in the twelfth inning.

Three times the score had been tied. It seemed in the teeth lining that the Athletics had their game won when they worked over two runs and had the Braves 4 to 2.

Hank Gowdy, the batting sensation of the series, drove a home run into the center field stands in the Braves' half of the tenth and, fired by his example, they tore in and put over the tying run on a base on balls, a single by Evers and a sacrifice.

Hank was also responsible for the winning run in the twelfth. He was the first man up and doubled.

Gowdy stands out as the hero of the series. He drove out two doubles and a home run.

SCORE OF THIRD GAME

	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Athletics	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Boston	5	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Braves	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Moran	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Evers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Connolly	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Whitted	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schmidt	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McInnis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Maranville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gowdy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Tyler	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
James	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Devore	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nunn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Glavin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	4	0	0	0	0	0	0

None out when winning run was scored. Moran ran for Gowdy in twelfth. Gilbert batted for James in twelfth. Sacrifice hits—O'Driscoll, Collins. Two-base hits—Murphy, C. Gowdy (2), McInnis (2), Baker, Home-run—Gowdy. Bases on balls—O'Driscoll, 3; O'Driscoll, 2; Stolen bases—Collins, Evers, Maranville (2), Doubls—Evers, Maranville (2), Schmidt. Struck out—By Bush, 1; Tyler, 4. Hits—O'Driscoll, eight in ten innings; Evers—Klein, Dineen, Hildebrand and Byron.

HARRY WOODS KILLS HIMSELF

Secretary of State of Illinois Ends Life With Bullet—His Account Found O. K.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 14.—Secretary of State Harry Woods committed suicide here on Monday. He was found dead in the garage at the rear of his home. There was a bullet hole in his right temple and a revolver with one expended cartridge was found at his side. Secretary Woods has been in the Illinois legislature since his election in the Democratic landslide two years ago. His last performance was an unsuccessful race for senator on the Democratic ticket this fall. He finished a poor third to Sullivan and Stricker. Woods, who was elected from Chicago, formerly lived at 3000 Warren avenue.

Fees of the office of secretary of state for the last three months have not been paid into the state treasury. They are due next Wednesday. The amount of the fees due is estimated between \$130,000 and \$400,000. The bank examiners on Monday night had found no irregularities.

It was the secretary's wife who found his body.

MOB IN ILLINOIS KILLS MAN

Crowd Takes Prisoner Away From Marshal in Perry County and Riddle's Body.

Perry, Ill., Oct. 13.—Albert Clazza, one of the two brothers who engaged in battle with two American minors at Williams, Ill., in which one man was killed and two were seriously wounded, was taken from officers and shot to death by masked men. Marshal Brener of Williams was conveying Clazza to Pinckneyville, the county seat of Perry county, at the time. Brener was held by three men and saw the tragedy. Fifteen wounds were found in Clazza's body. The quarrel was started by Sam Clazza's request for a cigaret.

Disciples of Christ Show Gain

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 14.—Nearly 3,000 additions to the church in foreign mission fields last year were announced here before the international convention of Disciples of Christ. The income last year was \$463,749.

Negroes Increase Fast

Washington, Oct. 14.—The number of negroes in the United States proper in 1910 was 9,827,763, compared with 8,833,994 in 1900, or an increase of 993,769, a preliminary report of the census bureau just announced.

BRAVES WIN AGAIN

BOSTON NATIONALS TAKE SECOND GAME OF WORLD'S SERIES.—SCORE 1 TO 0.

PLAY NINE SWIFT INNINGS

Plank is Routed by James' Sensational Pitching—Deal Brings Home the Winning Run, Assisted by Mann, Who Drove One to Right Field.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13.—Battling to the last swing of the bat, Conalo Mack's titled Athletics for the second time went down in defeat on Shibe field before the Boston Braves.

Straining every nerve, the champions tried and failed to pierce the marvelous defense of the Braves as a whole, and of Pitcher Bill James in particular. Eddie Plank, the old south-paw master of the slab, met his match in the tall pitcher from the Hub, and after nine whirlwind innings the Braves left the field victors by the score of 1 to 0. Deal brought in the winning run after Mann's drive in right field.

Score of Second World's Series Game

	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Boston	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mann	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Evers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Catler	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Whitted	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schmidt	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gowdy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Maranville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Deal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
James	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Two-base hits—Deal, Schanz; Struck out—By James, 8 (Murphy, O'Driscoll, McInnis (2), Strunk (2), Schanz, Plank); by Plank, 2 (Catler, James (4), Bases on balls—O'Driscoll, 3; O'Driscoll, 2; Stolen bases—Collins, Evers, Maranville (2), Doubls—Evers, Maranville (2), Schmidt. Struck out—By Bush, 1; Tyler, 4. Hits—O'Driscoll, eight in ten innings; Evers—Klein, Dineen, Hildebrand and Byron.

First Game

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

KING OF ROUMANIA DIES

Charles, Who Pledged Word to Help Kaiser But Was Thwarted, Succumbs.

Petrograd, Oct. 13.—Charles I, king of Roumania and member of the house of Hohenzollern, is dead. The succession falls to Prince Ferdinand, a son of Charles' brother, Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

Charles, Who Pledged Word to Help Kaiser But Was Thwarted, Succumbs.

It is doubtful whether the new king will have enough influence to keep Roumania out of the war.

At the beginning of the war King Charles was inclined to side with Germany and Austria-Hungary and was reported ready to cast his lot with those countries, but such a course encountered strong opposition in Roumania, particularly in the legislature.

Because of a promise he had made to Germany, King Charles desired to mobilize the Roumanian army to assist Germany in the war.

Charles I was Roumania's first king. The story of his career, spanning 75 years, is that of a German prince elected to govern a Latin people.

At the age of thirty King Charles, then a prince, paid court to Princess Elizabeth of Wied, with whom he fell in love at sight in Cologne. The marriage followed soon after.

Prince Ferdinand married Princess Marie, daughter of the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, January 19, 1893.

Bankers Hold Convention

Richmond, Va., Oct. 13.—More than a thousand prominent bankers are here for the five-day convention of the American Bankers' association. The new federal reserve system held a prominent place in the discussions.

Schooner Sunk; Crew Saved

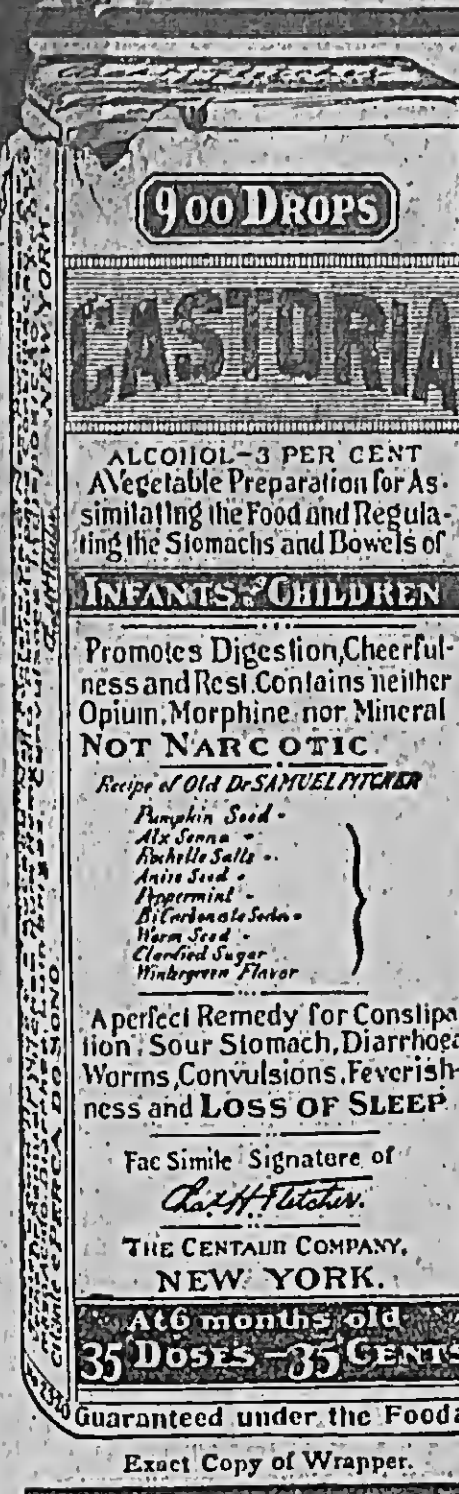
Boeten, Oct. 13.—The four-masted schooner Alina H. A. Holmes from Philadelphia was sunk off the coast of the Eastern Steamship corporation. All hands on the schooner were saved.

Arizona Marksmen Win

Fort Riley, Kan., Oct. 13.—Arizona's National Guard team won the national division rifle competition "L" that ended here. Arizona, 3,614; United States army, 3,600; Kansas N. G., 3,472; Indiana N. G., 3,423.

Indict in case for Murder

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Innes of Eugene, Ore., were jointly indicted on charges of murdering Mrs. Elsie Dennis and Miss Beatrice Nelms, both of Atlanta, Ga., and of conspiracy.



900 DROPS

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Watson

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Almonds
Sulphur
Ginger
Cinnamon
Licorice
Sassafras
Mint
Peppermint
Wintergreen
Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

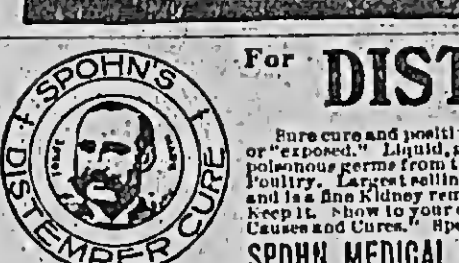
Dr. J. C. Watson

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.



SPÖHN'S DISTEMPER

For DISTEMPER

Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Spohn Medical Co., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MOTHERS AND DAME FASHION

Women Molds Her Daughter in Foundation of Style and Taste From Earliest Years.

Take the average girl, carefully note the manner in which she is dressed and then you have an advertisement—good or bad—for her mother.

In some subtle manner a mother molds her daughter from babyhood in the style of her clothing, and it is a very important molding, too. For if clothes do not make the man they do go a long way in giving a true impression of a woman.

Every new dress that a mother buys for her little girl is a small stone in the foundation of style and taste that will guide her daughter in future years.

I was taking tea with a well-known public woman recently, and she called my attention to two young business girls who were sitting at another table in the restaurant. From the hat of one hung a faded-looking rose, her low-necked blouse was not improved by her rolled coat collar, and above her cheap-looking patent shoes showed laundry openwork stockings. The other wore a smart, perfectly plain hat, neat, well-fitting costume, and was tastefully booted.

"Different mothers!" said my companion briefly. — Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Sign Causes a Near Riot

A sign in the window of a grocery store at Forty-third and Butler streets that sugar was selling 25 pounds for \$1.10 caused a rush of women.

Men working at night or going to work in the early morning had read the sign and hastened to tell their wives of the sale. Three hundred women congregated, seeking opportunity to buy.

The storekeeper found that a joker had been at work. Wednesday evening he had painted a sign "Sugar, 25 pounds \$1.90." Some one had erased the loop from the figure nine. — Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Got Him Both Ways

Diner—You charge me more for this steak than you used to.

Restaurant Manager—I have to pay more for it. The price of meat has gone up.

D.—And the steak is smaller than it used to be.

R. M.—That, of course, is on account of the scarcity of beef.

And What Happened Then?

He—I would kiss you if I dared.

She—If I were a man I think I would dare anything.

YOUR BLOOD

Is the canal of life but it becomes sewer if clogged up. All life consists of building up and tearing down and just in the same manner that the blood carries to various parts of the body the food that the cells need for building up, so it is compelled to carry away the waste material that's down. These waste materials are poisonous and destroy us if the liver and kidneys are stimulated into refreshed and vigorous.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

is the balancing power—a vitalizing power. It acts on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition—on the purifying filters of the blood. Thus fresh vitalized blood feeds the nerves and brain. This well known alternative relieves catarrh of the stomach and accompanying same, and has been successful for more than a generation as a tonic and body-builder. It builds up the rundown system if you are always "catching cold"—or have catarrh of the throat. The active medicinal principles of American-Indians extracted without alcohol and you can obtain this Doan's tonic in liquid or tablet form at any drug store or send 60 cents in 1-cent stamps for trial box of tablets.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing and wrapping for free copy of The Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, cloth bound, 1000 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 4



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Watson

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Almonds
Sulphur
Ginger
Cinnamon
Licorice
Sassafras
Mint
Peppermint
Wintergreen
Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

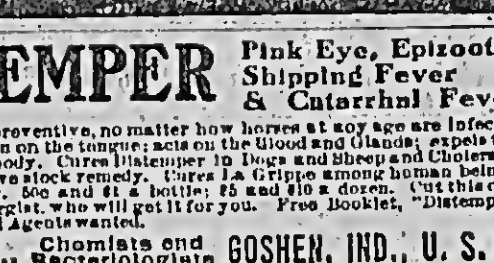
Dr. J. C. Watson

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.



SPÖHN'S DISTEMPER

For DISTEMPER

Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Spohn Medical Co., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MOTHERS AND DAME FASHION

Women Molds Her Daughter in Foundation of Style and Taste From Earliest Years.

Take the average girl, carefully note the manner in which she is dressed and then you have an advertisement—good or bad—for her mother.

In some subtle manner a mother molds her daughter from babyhood in the style of her clothing, and it is a very important molding, too. For if clothes do not make the man they do go a long way in giving a true impression of a woman.

Every new dress that a mother buys for her little girl is a small stone in the foundation of style and taste that will guide her daughter in future years.

I was taking tea with a well-known public woman recently, and she called my attention to two young business girls who were sitting at another table in the restaurant. From the hat of one hung a faded-looking rose, her low-necked blouse was not improved by her rolled coat collar, and above her cheap-looking patent shoes showed laundry openwork stockings. The other wore a smart, perfectly plain hat, neat, well-fitting costume, and was tastefully booted.

"Different mothers!" said my companion briefly. — Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Sign Causes a Near Riot

A sign in the window of a grocery store at Forty-third and Butler streets that sugar was selling 25 pounds for \$1.10 caused a rush of women.

Men working at night or going to work in the early morning had read the sign and hastened to tell their wives of the sale. Three hundred women congregated, seeking opportunity to buy.

The storekeeper found that a joker had been at work. Wednesday evening he had painted a sign "Sugar, 25 pounds \$1.90." Some one had erased the loop from the figure nine. — Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Got Him Both Ways

Diner—You charge me more for this steak than you used to.

Restaurant Manager—I have to pay more for it. The price of meat has gone up.

D.—And the steak is smaller than it used to be.

R. M.—That, of course, is on account of the scarcity of beef.

And What Happened Then?

He—I would kiss you if I dared.

She—If I were a man I think I would dare anything.

YOUR BLOOD

Is the canal of life but it becomes sewer if clogged up. All life consists of building up and tearing down and just in the same manner that the blood carries to various parts of the body the food that the cells need for building up, so it is compelled to carry away the waste material that's down. These waste materials are poisonous and destroy us if the liver and kidneys are stimulated into refreshed and vigorous.

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is the balancing power—a vitalizing power. It acts on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition—on the purifying filters of the blood. Thus fresh vitalized blood feeds the nerves and brain. This well known alternative relieves catarrh of the stomach and accompanying same, and has been successful for more than a generation as a tonic and body-builder. It builds up the rundown system if you are always "catching cold"—or have catarrh of the throat. The active medicinal principles of American-Indians extracted without alcohol and you can obtain this Doan's tonic in liquid or tablet form at any drug store or send 60 cents in 1-cent stamps for trial box of tablets.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 4



Top Prices For Your Hogs

More pork, better pork and a better price. Sleek, fat hogs in the pink of health and ready for market weeks earlier. Less feed used. Lower feeding costs. Greater profits. Fatten your "mortgage lifters" by using

Pratts Animal Regulator

in the feeding and fattening ration. Feed it from the start to hogs, cattle, horses and sheep. Keeps them robust and always ready for their feed. Builds up sick and run-down animals. Prevents hog cholera. Dairy cows produce more milk. Has been used in the dairy ration of millions of farm stock in the past 42 years. More used today than ever before. Try it if you never have. Every package sold as it always has been—on a guarantee of your perfect satisfaction or money back. Do not get confused. Ask for Pratts and look for the name on the label.

Sold in packages, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 25-lb. pails, \$3.00

For clean, healthy hogs and cattle, use Pratts Dip and Disinfectant freely as a dip or spray. Cures Ticks, Lice, Mange, Sores, Cuts and all Skin Diseases. Only \$1.00 a gallon.

40,000 Dealers Sell Pratts

PRATT FOOD COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO TORONTO



Happy Evenings 'Round the Rayo Lamp

The circle 'round the center table flooded with soft, mellow, yet brilliant light that allows the family to read, embroider, sew and study all through the long winter evenings.

RAYO LAMPS give a clear, steady, restful light, without glare or flicker, smoke or odor. For the light that is next best to daylight, that saves the eyes and prevents eye strain, as well as to give the family pleasure and comfort, get a RAYO Lamp for the reading table.

For Best Results Use Perfection Oil

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
(AN INDIANA CORPORATION)



WINCHESTER

"Nublack" and "New Rival" Loaded Shotshells

Good shooters and sure shooters are Winchester "Nublack

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon Application
Telephone Antioch 381

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

Highway Notice Public Letting of Contract

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Commissioners of Highways of the Town of Antioch, County of Lake, State of Illinois, for grading, draining and building a hard gravel road, a part of the Hickory road through Section 15, in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by the County Superintendent of Highways and on file in his office and that of the Town Clerk of said Town. Commissioners reserve the right to increase or decrease the amount of work and to reject any or all bids.

Sealed proposals will be received at the hour of 2 p. m. on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1914, by said Commissioners at a meeting to be held in the Town Hall in the village of Antioch. Each bidder will be required to submit with his bid a certified check payable to the Town Treasurer, for the sum of fifty (\$50) dollars, as a guarantee of good faith if awarded contract he will promptly enter into same and file a sufficient bond.

Work is to be started within ten days from date of contract and completed within ninety days.

Payments to be made equal to eighty-five (85) per cent of the monthly estimates, balance on completion and acceptance of work.

Dated this 3rd of October A. D. 1914.
Frank Dunn,
W. A. Story,
Alonza P. Little
Commissioners of Highways.
C. F. Richards,
Town Clerk.

Chas. E. Russell,
County Superintendent of Highways.

Little girl,
You look so
Small,
Don't you wear
No clothes
At all?
Don't you
Wear no
Shimmy skirt,
Don't you
Wear no
Petty skirt
Just your
Corset
And your
Hose,
Are these
All your
Underclothes?

Little girl,
When on the
Street,
You appear
To be all
Feet,
With your
Dress so
Very tight
Surely,
You're an
Awful sight
Nothing on
To keep you
Warm—
Crazy, just
To show
Your form.

Little girl—
You won't live
Long,
Just because
You dress all
Wrong.
Can't you
Wear more
Underclothes?
Than your
Corset
And your
Hose?
After while
I do believe
You will
Dress like
Mother Eve.

Women Act.
Men are talking about a thing
called committees to invest.
Women go ahead and do it.
In they wish they hadn't, but
they put out of ten they are glad
in.
use where the women by the
direct, traditionally simple and
feminine have established a
solar givers market and given
ing, they flow to the cost of liv-
at the succ women are rejoicing
the produce the consumer; the
farmers echo sentiment, and the
heads of h holds, noting the
shrinkage in tr weekly bills, look on
benignly.

ACCORDING TO HER CLOCK

By BLANCHE JONES.

"No'm," said the rosy faced ticket taker at the suburban station to the hurried woman in mink, "the 11:47 ain't gone yet. No'm. Y'een by the clock it's only 11:35."

"Well," gasped the woman in mink, with considerable asperity, "my clock says me just four minutes to get here and it usually takes seven; so, according to my clock, it ought to be past train time! I don't understand what the road means by not attending to its clocks instead of letting them run behind this way and get people all flustered!"

"Wouldn't that frost you?" inquired the rosy checked ticket taker of the woman behind the window who sold tickets. "She's mad because she didn't miss her train when she fully expected to! There ain't no pleasing some people!"

"She's a woman," explained the ticket seller cryptically. "All you have to do is to take their tickets after they get 'em, while I have the heavy end of it. I have to make up their minds where they want to go and whether they want a round trip ticket. Here comes one of my regulars now."

"Downtown, please," crisply ordered the newcomer in pony fur. "What—12 cents? Oh, yes, I remember now—It's 10 cents as usual if I get a round trip, but I got a round trip the other day and then I changed my mind while downtown and took the elevated out to my cousin's and came the rest of the way on the street car, so you see I lost money by it. I'm not at all sure I may not want to do the same thing today, although my cousin has a card club that I think meets today. I'm not sure, though. You wouldn't take it back, would you? I think it's a perfect nuisance the way this road makes new rules! Yes, of course, I said I wanted a round trip ticket! I don't see why it's so hard for you to understand! Have I missed the 11:47?"

"No'm," said the rosy faced ticket taker. "It's late. You've plenty of time."

"Trains are always late on this line. It seems to me!" the woman in pony fur said sternly.

"Another woman mad because she caught her train," caroled the ticket taker. "Say—"

He paused before an onslaught of three young women, who dashed madly through the gate in pursuit of the 11:47 that was just steaming in. Then he sighed.

"Here," he said to the girl behind the window, "did you ever see anything like the way people hurry in this old town? I tell you, after coming from St. Louis, where people walk leisurely and as though they had at least six more minutes still to live, it's kind of hard on a fellow! There ought to be just as much time here as anywhere else on the map! And yet nobody has any! There are men who take the 8:20 every morning who'd die sooner'n get here more'n 45 seconds before train time! They like the excitement of it. I believe they wait around the corner if they're ahead of their schedule just so's they can make their spectacular home run at the finish. Gee, this is a wearing run at the finish. I went to a vaudeville last night!"

"Whadyuh see?" asked the ticket seller with some interest.

"Well, show," said the ticket taker. "There was one girl called Nora Glenarney, who sang some bully Irish songs, but she said in her spiel she was French. She didn't look it. You can't tell a thing about these actors, though! I knew one once who looked melancholy and long haired like Hamlet and he could crack jokes that'd kill you dead on the spot—"

"Yes'm, the 11:47 is gone. Six minutes ago. Well, it's too bad, but your watch must have been wrong."

"It's an outrage!" snapped the tall grenadier of a woman, who was flushed from running. "I had an appointment with the dentist, too, and he charges whether I am there or not. Now, if I take the 12:15 I won't get back home in time for luncheon and must buy my luncheon downtown! See what an expense you've put me to!"

"I'm sorry," said the rosy faced ticket taker, humbly. "I'd-a had the train wait if I'd-a known you were coming."

"I'll report you!" sputtered the tall woman as she stalked through the gate.

"Funny, you can't please 'em no-how," the ticket taker mused to the girl behind the window. "I think I'm lucky that I never tied up to one of you women. If a fellow was legally required to listen to that sort of argument 24 hours a day and take it along on his two weeks' summer vacation, a man'd be in the nut farm before long, wouldn't he?"

"I guess you're right," cynically agreed the girl who sold tickets.

Where the Shoe Pinched.
During the aviation meet held in Chicago last summer a professional pickpocket, who was locked up in full pending trial, sent for the prosecuting attorney and begged to be released.

"But," said the lawyer, "you picked a man's pocket, and of course you'll have to 'do time'."

"Well, sir," replied the prisoner, "I suppose you're right, and to tell the truth, I don't mind the fact of being in jail, but Gee, it's h—l to be locked up here during this aviation meet, with everybody looking up in the air!"

National Food Magazine.

GOOD DISCIPLINE

By GRACE MOON.

"If you think any member of your family needs a spiritual stimulant during the present Lenten season," said the girl with the camera slung over her shoulder, "buy a tank and a scale and a book of directions and leave him to his fate. The seeds of humility, patience and long suffering will bear fruit a thousand fold."

"Don't laugh; it's true! If you know anything about the capital sins you know that pride is at the head of the list. To cure it, let some one take a good swift snapshot of you when you're not looking. It can reveal and correct more beauty defects than 52 visits to the shop where they make you beautiful while you wait. When that same snapshot is three or four years old and you gaze upon the hat that was once too becoming in its best days, you begin to realize that the filly of the field had some advantages over Solomon."

"As for patience, amateur photography is more instructive than Bruce's spider and more effective than Job's salloquies. When you have measured out 16 ounces of hypo in a half ounce scale—which means that you have to balance it 32 times, to the rhythmic chant of 'twenty grains one scruple, three scruples one dram, eight drams one ounce'—and then forget whether the last measure was the twenty-first or twenty-second half ounce, and you have to spill it all out and begin over again, if you can do it with cheerful heart your spiritual condition is encouraging."

"When you come home from a vacation with several rolls of films and begin developing the best and most cherished roll and it comes out of the tank distinct and clear and you drop it into a bowl of innocent looking lot water which should have been cold—a bowl which a member of your family had placed carelessly at your side—and you see your jolly groups of bathers and canoers run into a shapeless mass of gelatin and you hold in your hand a blank film roll, then if you can turn to the offender and say with acerbity: 'It's all right, I really don't mind—then you have merited a triple halo.'"

"Do you wish to understand your neighbor? Try a group picture. In the first place, when it comes to posing a group, have you ever observed the serene indifference with which each member regards the position and advantages of every other member? The most humble and retiring individual quietly and persistently slides into an advantageous position, regardless of the same desire on the part of every one else."

"And when the same group has been finished and you talk about light and shade, tone and contrast—you were not in it, of course—and you try to get anyone else to observe these points and you say, 'Don't you think the shadows are good?' your friend will invariably reply, 'I didn't know I had a double chin' or 'I certainly can't wear a soft collar!'"

"Then you suddenly realize that your modest self-effacing friend has a normal ego."

"For social popularity the snapshot is an open sesame. If with your 'bread and butter' letter you can inclose a few snapshots of the infant 'Idol of the family, of your hostess' new porch set, the invitation to come again will be sincere and urgent."

"When it comes to generosity this gentle art of snapshotting has no equal. Suppose in a rash moment you have promised each of eight friends a full set of 12 prints. After a preliminary struggle with drama and scruples you start in to print. Your family admonishes, urges and finally commands you to be sensible and go to bed, but you feel that you must persist in your altruistic endeavors. It is midnight before you get your 96 prints to wash in a bowl of running water in the kitchen sink."

"When you return at the end of an hour you find that several of the prints, with the perversity of lunatic things, have slipped over the drain and a miniature Niagara is splashing down upon the floor."

"The heat has been off two hours and it's ten degrees below zero, and the kitchen has a west exposure, but you open the door and sweep strenuously and exhaustively. And you hear the splash of the water out the porch, on the landing below, then on the walk in the yard, and you think of the profusion of drainings of the great lakes, and you tread lightly and softly, partly because you are reluctant to dislodge the water soaked ceiling in the flat below and partly because you are afraid of waking your family and bringing down on you an unoffending head a chorus of 'I told you so's'."

"After three hours of hard labor you close the door just before the milkman tears up the back stairs. And then, when you come to the breakfast table the next morning, heavy lidded and sore of spirit, but discreetly silent, another of your household comes in and says in a convincing and appealing tone: 'I'm dead tired! I didn't sleep a wink last night!'"

"Then, if you can restrain your words of contradiction and offer sympathy in soft and gentle tones with an invisible smile for the audible slumbers to the rhythm of which you wished a broom half the night—well, amateur photography has done more for you than Gideon tears and long weeks of fasting and sacrifice!"

TWO METHODS OF BEGGING

Plausible and Polite Mendicant No Doubt No More Deserving Than His Opposite.

Like those of the "Heathen Chinee," the ways of the seeker after alms are peculiar. A correspondent writes to the "London Chronicle": "Walking down Fleet street the other day, I was accosted in the most casual manner by an individual who at a glance could be summed up as one of life's failures. With refined accent and in the most perfect English he apologized—while keeping pace with me—for intruding his company upon me—uninvited. He would not beat about the bush. Through a conglomeration of adverse circumstances (the phraseology is his own) he was destitute. For the moment he could not dig owing to his inability to find an allotment wherein to delve; to beg he was most heartily ashamed, but did it as a 'dormier ressort.' Could I spare a shilling—not as a loan, but as a gift, and help a lame dog over a stile?"

"I could—and I did, against my better judgment. He accepted the gift in the spirit in which he had asked for it. 'I'm not going to thank you,' he said; 'you know I would do the same for you were our positions reversed. Will you shake hands?' Further down I came across his antithesis. Sliding up, with that crab-like slither which stamps the professional mendicant, he accosted me thus. 'Yer don't 'appen 'ter 'ave a bit of bread on yer guv'nor, do yer?' I did not—and the curses of the disappointed one followed me till I was out of earshot! And I shouldn't care to have to decide which of the two was the more deserving."

A Word to Literary Critics.
Critics will show you how such and such a writer repeated the thoughts of Kant or Hegel, or used the phrasing of Dante or Milton, or stole the plots of Boccaccio or Guy de Maupassant. They often prove their wide reading, they sometimes demonstrate their sagacity, but they do not justify their existence as critics unless they go farther than this, for the genius of authorship declares itself less unmistakably in gifts shared with fore-runners or contemporaries than in gifts peculiar to itself. Wait Whitman or William Wordsworth is neither understood nor elucidated when his possible influences have been listed; at best the ground has been cleared for the critic's real work of insight and interpretation.—Collier's Weekly.

Continental English.

The idea that English is to be the universal language of the future seems to be spreading. Certainly thousands of Europeans struggle bravely with its rules and idioms. Here is a sample of the progress that has been made in one quarter, remarks the Youth's Companion. It is taken from the advertising matter that a large continental hotel publishes in the form of an elaborate illustrated booklet:

"Its spacious dimensions, exquisite comfort, elegant fashion of its furnishings, the unobjectionable prerogatives as to the produce of its kitchen and contents of its cellars, besides the distinguished manning, which, assailed by well experienced attendants, does its utmost in always duly treating—all this, united already for many years past, obtained a general renown, even abroad, too."

Suggesting It.

A mother, expecting a noted guest who was to spend several days in the family, warned her children beforehand as to their conduct during the visit.

"Don't interrupt the bishop when he's talking," she said; "and don't ask for a second helping at table, and don't make any noise in the playroom, and don't—"

The "don'ts" fairly flooded the children, until the oldest child, a boy, stemmed their tide.

"Mother," he entreated, "we'll be good if you'll only not talk so much about not being good. You don't need to worry about us."

The boy was right. Half the child's misdoing today comes from our looking for it, expecting it, and suggesting it.

Natural Question.

Our small daughter is very fond of her bath, writes a contributor to Harper's Magazine, but she objects vigorously to the drying process. One day, while we were remonstrating with her, she said, "Why, what would happen, mamma, if you didn't wipe me dry? Would I get rusty?"

Have your shoes re-soled while you wait

If at any time you are in a hurry to have your shoes tapped, we can do it while you wait. We have a new patent sole stitcher that does the work quickly.

Fall Shoes and Rubbers of All Kinds

J. R. CRIBB
CITY SHOE STORE

Farm Land In the Corn Belt

The Land of Clover.

The Land of Clover.

We challenge the world to show us another district with finer buildings, more attractive homes and well keep fields.

We have the largest country creamery in the world. One million pounds of butter annually
CORN. POTATOES. CLOVER.

Our Pasture and Fields Are Ever Green.

POTATOES YIELD FROM 200 TO 300 BUSHELS PER ACRE. SEE THE BIG ONES.

TWO CROPS.

CLOVER

TWO CROPS.

Cuts three tons per acre. Second crop seed worth 40 dollars per acre. We are growing thousand of acres of peas, sweet corn and cucumbers. Visit our mommoth canning factories.

RAINFALL SURE.

NO FAILURES

Our spring lakes are numerous and fishing and hunting is unsurpassed. We can sell you a farm of any size desired with good improvements at prices ranging from \$35.00 to \$65.00 per acres.

NO QUACK GRASS

NO THISTLES

NO OBNOXIOUS WEEDS

Some of Our Fine Farm Bargains

We have a dandy good 80 acres at \$4500.00 with a good house and large new barn, 40 acres cleared, balance pasture and timber land, situated half way between Cameron and Chetek.

Also have a dandy 80 adjoining this one, 70 acres under plow, level as the floor, nearly all seeded to clover, fine soil and on good road, rural route and telephone line. 20 acres of this farm is in fine clover plow. Terms: 1 cash, balance 5 years at 6 per cent.

111 acres, 5 miles from town, 70 acres cleared, balance fine pasture, small set of buildings, new corn silo, no stone, school 120 rods from front door, cheese factory 1 mile. Splendid water. Terms—\$2000.00 cash, balance in 5 years, 6 per cent. Price \$4000.00.

120 acres, 80 acres under plow, 4 miles from town, school house on this farm, near good creamery and cheese factory, small set of buildings. A snap, \$40.00 per acre. \$3000.00 cash, balance easy terms.

80 acres, 60 acres under plow, fine level land at \$55.00 per acre, \$1000.00 cash handles this farm. Balance easy terms at 6 per cent.

80 acres level farm land, adjoining land valued at \$125.00 per acre can be bought for \$50.00 per acre. Fine soil and on good road, rural route and telephone line. 20 acres of this farm is in fine clover plow. Terms: 1 cash, balance 5 years at 6 per cent.

80 acres heavy clay soil, 2 miles from town. Good house, large basement barn, windmill and silo. 60 acres under plow. This is a dandy improved farm. Price \$7000.00.

We have one of the prettiest and best farms in the state of Wis. Barn 90x42, good house, granary and large silo. 280 acres, \$47.50 per acre. 160 acres under plow. Land level and splendid quality.

For Further Particulars call

At the News Office

Call and See Photos

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 12.—The Committee declared butter at 33.

Hay and grain at Hunt's.

Pianos, phonographs, records and sheet music at Lenore's.

Jns. Hoyer this week moved into the C. James cottage on Orchard street.

Harry Tiffany left on Wednesday for Chicago, Wis., for a short visit.

A first class show at the Crystal Saturday evening. Come out and see it.

Hunting coats and caps, at Webb's.

Chas. Buff has sold his 60 acre farm north of town to Chris Sorensen. Consideration \$5,200.

Miss Minnie Lux and Mrs. B. H. Overton are spending a few days this week in Chicago.

See your furniture before you pay for it at Lenore's.

A number of farmers in this vicinity are reporting a considerable loss this fall, by hog cholera.

Mrs. Elmer Gullidge and children of Julietta, Idaho, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffin east of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hadlock, Mrs. Walter Christofferson and Miss Harlie Davis were Chicago visitors Monday.

The base ball boys will give a dance in the Antioch opera house, Friday evening, Oct. 23. Morrell's five piece orchestra will furnish the music. Tickets 75 cents, wardrobe free. Everyone come and have a good time.

Beds, springs and mattress always on hand at Lenore's.

Rev. E. K. D. Hester, who has been appointed the new pastor of Antioch and Hickory M.E. churches, will preach at Antioch church next Sunday morning and evening and at Hickory church at 2:30 p. m. Everybody is cordially invited to come and hear the new preacher.

Rain coats, at Webb's.

Dr. Ames has this year placed himself at the head of the list of fruit growers in this vicinity. Last Saturday he brought to this office a lucious pear that was grown upon a tree in his yard, its measurement was twelve inches around lengthwise and eleven and one quarter inches around the other. It certainly was some pear and it took very few of them to make a bushel.

Advantages of Singing.

In the last junior scholarship examination of the London county council the candidates were asked to explain the advantage it was to children to be taught to sing. One youngster rather evaded the question, but epigrammatically answered that "Singers' work is like earning a penny for eating a piece of chocolate."

Be Good to Your Eyes.

A New York homeopath, speaking at the recent convention in Atlantic City, said that conserving the eyesight was a phase of health conservation too often overlooked. He said that 50 per cent of the blindness in this country was due to conditions that might have been avoided.

Zest in Uncertainty.

It would be fine if the ideas could be manufactured and stored away by conscious effort. But after all that might take away some of the adventure of living. As it is you never know when you go to the mental cupboard whether you are going to find it full of good things or empty. At least there is the uncertainty to give zest to existence.

Left Fatal Evidence.

A burglar who broke into an antiquary's shop in Paris has been identified by means of a strip of skin torn from his ear by the broken glass of a showcase. The piece of skin was preserved in a bottle of spirits, and it fitted on to a fresh scar on the man's left ear.

Qualified Rebuke.

Five-year-old Marie likes to see the funny pictures. She had the paper spread out on the floor looking at it when her father turned out the light. Mary was angry at this, and said, "You've got your nerve," but as she realized immediately whom she was talking to she hastily added, "But you know your rights."

Where Was Wales?

Spencer Leigh Hughes, M. P., tells of the following amusing experience: He was once passing the new war office building in Whitehall when his companion, a Scotchman, pointing to the emblematic devices engraved over the door, indicated the Scotch thistle, the English lion, and the Irish harp. "Where is the emblem of Wales?" asked his friend. "Oh," Mr. Hughes replied, "I expect there is a leak in the roof."

Rubber boots, at Webb's.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hoyer on Sunday, Oct. 11, a son.

Dewitt Stanton of Deniphan, Mo., is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. Maude Savage of Waukegan is spending this week with Antioch relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Somerville and son Earl spent the last of the week in Chicago.

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Mrs. Ida Tweed of Ingleside is very low at the present writing and no hope is given for her recovery.

Pianos tuned and put in condition by an expert. Leave orders at Lenore's.

What has become of our farm export? Haven't heard from him since the board of supervisors donated \$2000 toward his salary.

Seed corn drivers at Hunt's.

The many friends of Mrs. Elva Davis will be glad to learn that she is getting along nicely at the Wesley hospital and her recovery now seems certain.

Miss Goldie Davis entertained her Sunday School class at her home Saturday afternoon. The little folks enjoyed the occasion to the fullest extent.

FOR RENT—A 65 acre farm, 1 mile from Antioch station. Good buildings. Rent must keep stock. 3117 Lexington street, Chicago. A. Zellinger. 2w

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams seem to possess some hypnotic charm when it comes to landing fish at their cottage at Grass Lake, and the best of it is that they remembered their friends who are less fortunate.

A complete stock of stoves at Hunt's.

Rev. A. O. Stixrud has been appointed to Epworth church Elgin, they have a beautiful new church there and Mr. Stixrud feels pleased with the prospects. His new address will be 512 Bluff City Boulevard, Elgin, Ill.

In their rounds of the town last Friday afternoon the firemen paid a visit to the school. A fire drill was called and the entire building was emptied in 75 seconds. This was however even a longer time than would be required if the need was urgent; but as it was some of the scholars looked at the matter in the light of a joke and not only failed to step lively themselves but held back those behind them.

Thing of the Past.

Our memory goes back to the time when the mere sight of a belt of red flannel in the dry goods store would give rise to the most tender feelings in a young man's breast, but we suppose the young men of the present day would wonder what in the world the stuff was ever used for.—Ohio State Journal.

Two of a Kind.

Three-year-old Katharine was in Uncle John's garden stepping on his new peas. When Uncle John saw the destruction that was going on he called out: "Katharine, get out of that bed at once. I am a very bad man, and I'll punish you if you don't." She came toward him, smiling, and held out her little hand to shake hands, saying: "You say you're a bad man? Then we'll be partners, for I'm a awful bad little girl."

Amenities at the Club.

Mrs. Diggs—"At our club meeting this afternoon Mrs. Brayton read one of her unpublished poems." Mr. Diggs—"And what did you do?" Mrs. Diggs—"Just to take her down a peg I read one of my untitled recipes for Hungarian goulash!" —New York Herald.

To Brighten Gilt Frames.

Rub them with freshly baked bread moistened with ammonia; or try the older method of washing them in water in which onions have been boiled, and to which a little sulphur has been added. The sulphur aids in keeping the yellow color.

Test for Prospective Father.

No man has any business to get married until he can listen to a crying baby without saying things that wouldn't look well in print.

Wanted a Supply.

Mr. Higbee (from Worcester, in Italian restaurant)—"Say, Si, this here spaghetti's all right, ain't it?" Mr. Meddergrass—"You bell. When I git home I'm a-goin' tew write tew our congressman ter a package o' the seed, so's I kin raise it fer myself."

Setting a Difficult Task.

"Since he's there," writes an editor of a representative, "it's all right to give him enough bills to keep him busy and let him run away home with the idea that he advocated more law than the people could possibly break."

Announcement

I will sell at Public Auction the entire subdivision recently purchased of Williams Brothers. This plat has been laid for beauty and convenience. I ask you to call at the Antioch News office and consult posters and blue prints. Each lot, street and alley is staked by the surveyor and numbered so you can locate them, visit the grounds and see how it is arranged. Get a blue print and you can see every feature connected with them. While Parkway Avenue is at the present time, only a field, yet you can see what the opportunity is to beautify. The two center pieces which I have laid out on this avenue are worthy your attention and co-operation in the adjustment of flowers and shrubs. Make them a flower garden, for yourself and children. Not a person in the world but loves flowers. This Parkway is especially dedicated for this purpose. It takes nothing from your lots and gives in beauty value something you cannot estimate in dollars and cents. And again this Parkway is not only constantly before you, but can be seen and appreciated by the public.

Not only have I planned for the pleasure and convenience of the purchaser, but I am going to meet you on a mutual basis for payments. While cash is the most desirable settlement, yet you need not hesitate to buy. \$50 down and \$10 per month with the privilege of more or all at any time. Land Contracts with deed placed in the bank will give you a home transaction. When payment is made it is endorsed on the contract and you are thus made secure.

Do not forget the date and the opportunity of getting a home lot in a beautiful location. I am offering them in pairs so you can have the benefit to accrue by every purchase. Each lot is 1/2 acre inside the street line. The alley is a direct gift to these lots and is a convenience seldom seen in villages. The two streets running east and west are made 66 feet instead of 50. I have not economized on street land, but have set apart for this purpose all that can be used for your benefit.

Meet me at one o'clock sharp, Monday, October 19.

A. H. Craig, Prop.

FRIDAY EVENING

OCT. 23

The Base Ball Dance

DON'T MISS IT

Morrell's Orchestra

Will Play

Tickets - - 75c.

The weather for coughs

and colds is here. You'll

very likely need a bottle

of cough syrup or a box

of cold tablets soon.

Better get them now and

be prepared to "Nip

it in the Bub."

We have an excellent

cough syrup (a White

Pine and Tar Comp.)

that will relieve all ordin-

ary coughs.

25c. and 50c.

Also a special one for the

baby.

Our special cold tablets,

containing 1 1/2 grains

quinine each, together

with other valuable in-

gredients, will break up

a cold in the head in

2 or 3 days.

The above are non-sec-

ret (Formula on the

label) preparations.

We recommend them.

Your money back if you

are not satisfied.

Crescent Cream For

Chaps and Rough Skin

KING'S

DRUG STORE

Antioch, - Illinois

Tel. 202

Successor to B. H. Overton

Involuntary Ignorance.

If one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives it's not because it doesn't try to find out.

Fortune Tellers' Resources.

A fortune teller's business depends largely on people who get lonesome and are willing to pay for a little flattery.

SMOKE

"EL RECTOR"

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

2204-2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

PHIL C. NIEMAN, Maker

Phone Canal 4478

FIRE

INSURANCE

DON'T wait till your house burns

down before you secure insurance.

If you are not carrying insurance,

or if you wish to secure more or make

a change, call on us and let us figure

with you.

We have some of the best com-

panies and can give you the lowest

rates.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

News Office

Antioch, Ill.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Advertisements inserted under this head at

following rates: Five lines or less, 25 cents

first insertion, 15 cents for each subsequent

insertion. More than five lines, 5 cents a line for

first insertion, and 3 cents a line for additional

insertions.

FOR SALE—Dry, seasoned cord

wood. C. S. Richards. Antioch.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks platform

scales cheap at Lenore's.

WANTED—A cottage on La's

Catherine or Channel lake. Cot-

tage must be good size and if there

is not barn on lot there must be room

for building one. Anyone having such

property for sale please notify this

office.

FOR SALE—Large bay mare, weight

1400, age 14 years. Oetting Farm,

Channel Lake.

SALE—One of the best 100 acre

farms in Lake Villa town. Good build-

ings, water, fruit and berries and land

first class. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Second hand piano for

\$15 at Lenore's.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A good second

hand spray. Inquire of Jos. Savage.

FOR SALE—An 8-room furnished

cottage, 5 rooms finished, at Beach

Grove. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A 8 room house and 4

acres of land in village of Antioch, will

be sold cheap if take at once. Inquire

at this office.

FOR SALE—120 acre farm, 2 miles

east of town, good buildings, silo, 10

room house, toilet and bath, running

water. Jas. Salat, Antioch, phone 3007.

FOR SALE—Full set Rogers Bros.

1847 triple plate silverware used once.

Price \$17.50 at Lenore's.

Sewing machine supplies for any ma-

chine. Machines cleaned and repaired.

J. C. James.

On the Road to Intemperance.

Testimony in a Chicago court shows

that a husband from whom a divorce

is desired drank eight or nine whis-

kies every morning before breakfast

and about thirty more before going

to bed. It is drinking of this sort

that so often leads a man into intem-

perance before he realizes it.—Phila-

delphia Ledger.

RHEUMATIC

SUFFERERS

GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

Pain leaves almost

as if by magic when

you begin using "5-

Drops," the famous old

remedy for Rheuma-

tism, Lumbago, Gout,

Sciatica, Neuralgia

and kindred troubles.

It goes right to the

spot, steps the aches

and pains and makes

life worth living. Get

a bottle of "5-Drops"

today. A booklet with

each bottle gives full

directions for use.

Don't delay. Demand

"5-Drops." Don't ac-

cept anything else in

place of it. Any druggist

can supply you. If you live too far

from a drug store send One Dollar to

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark,

Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be

sent prepaid.

INGALLS BROS.

Waukegan

OPTOMETRISTS

Graduates of McCormick

OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES

TESTED

GLASSES

FITTED

ARTIFICIAL EYES

THIS IS IT!

USE

A=B

STOVE

POLISH

QUICK - EASY -

OUTLASTS ALL OTHERS!

SOLD EVERYWHERE!

A-B POLISH CO.

1515 HADSON AVE

CHICAGO

J. C. James, Jr.

Justice of the Peace and Notary Public

Real Estate

Both Farm and Lake Property

ANTWERP UNABLE TO RESIST THE HEAVY GERMAN ARTILLERY

Kaiser's Troops Take Belgian Stronghold After Siege of Eleven Days.

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE OF LITTLE AID TO DEFENSE.

Three Naval Brigades Flee With King Albert's Troops as Conquerors Take Possession of City—Shells From German Airships Do Damage at Paris—Official Statements Issued at Berlin and Paris.

GERMAN OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Berlin, Oct. 12.—The following was issued tonight by the general staff: The city of Antwerp with all its forts is in our possession. Main headquarters report that the Belgian government accepted our offer to arrange that all historical monuments in the city be spared as much as possible, and the day before the bombardment a plan showing the position of the principal architectural features of the city was handed to the German civil administration through the American minister. Copies of the plan were given to every artillery commander.

The greatest possible consideration was shown. The siege lasted only two days since the first shots were fired against the outer belt of forts on September 27. On October 1 the forts were stormed. The Nethe was crossed by our artillery and infantry on October 8.

On October 7, in accordance with The Hague convention, an intimation of our intention to bombard the city was sent to the garrison commander. He declared he would take the responsibility for the bombardment and the shelling commenced at midnight on October 7. Simultaneously an attack on the inner fort belt was opened.

Early on the morning of October 9 the city could be entered without serious resistance.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon of October 9 the city of Antwerp was occupied by German infantry without resistance upon the part of the Belgians, whose conduct was valiant. However, the effect of the German artillery, infantry and marine division in the first attack was such that resistance was futile. A large quantity of supplies was taken by the Germans.

At the commencement the garrison defended itself bravely, but was unequal to the attacks made by our infantry, artillery and naval division and fled in disorder. When the surrender of the city was negotiated no military could be found.

The fall of the last Belgian fortress—of impregnable Antwerp—was due to the extraordinarily fine work of the attacking forces, which the Kaiser has acknowledged by awarding to the leader of the infantry, General von Beseler, a decoration for merit.

The Brazilian minister in Berlin called together about thirty of his countrymen living in the capital and exhorted them to telegraph their relatives in Brazil, informing them that they are in full enjoyment of security and liberty.

Conditions in Germany are absolutely normal. No one would believe that the country is in a state of war. All the factories are open and busy. Theaters and cafes everywhere are well patronized. All trains are running according to schedule.

It is officially stated in Vienna that another Russian attack south of Przemyśl yesterday was repulsed. Thereafter the Russian retreat became so general that the western front was evacuated.

FRENCH OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Paris, Oct. 12.—The following statement was issued today by the war ministry in Paris:

On our left wing the German cavalry which was in possession of certain crossing on the Lys and of certain points to the east of Aire was pursued during the morning of October 10. In the evening they retired to the region of Armentieres.

(Aire is 20 miles from the border, in the department of Pas de Calais, and Armentieres is a town on the Belgian frontier 20 miles east of Aire.) Between Arras and the Oise the enemy made a spirited attack on the left bank of the River Ancre without making any progress.

On the center between the Oise and the Somme our troops have progressed slightly. North of the Aisne, notably the region northwest of Soissons between Craonne and Reims, attacks by the Germans have been repulsed.

The death roll resulting from the attack on and defense of Antwerp has not been compiled, and probably the

In the Woivre the Germans have delivered very violent attacks in the region of Apremont (to the east of St. Mihiel). Throughout the night of October 9 and the morning of October 10 Apremont was taken and retaken and now rests in our hands.

On our right wing (Lorraine and Alsace) there is nothing to report.

Summing up, we have maintained all our positions.

In Russia the fighting continues with the German rear guard to the southeast of Wirballen and on the line formed by the lakes west of the government of Suwalki.

There is nothing new to report except the capture of a German flag near Lassigny.

The news of the day is satisfactory.

Siege Lasted Eleven Days.

London, Oct. 13.—Antwerp and the forts surrounding the city are now in complete possession of the Germans, but the greater part of the Belgian army has escaped.

It took the Germans just 11 days to capture one of the strongest fortresses in the world.

An official admission that the British participated in the defense of Antwerp is contained in an admiralty announcement that three naval brigades with heavy guns had been sent there during the last week of the German attack.

Refugees Reach London.

Crowds of refugees arrived in London. Most of them left Antwerp Thursday night, and their accounts of the attack are confused. The Belgians themselves, besides destroying the forts, blew up steamers at the docks and set fire to the patrol stores and everything that could be of use to the invaders. They also took away what the transports could carry.

Berchem, where the military and other hospitals, the orphanage and some public buildings are situated, is reported to be entirely destroyed. Even if this is an exaggeration, it must be badly damaged, as it was burning at least two days.

The Antwerp railway stations also made marks for the shells from the big guns, but according to some of

all details never will be known; but accounts describe it as terribly heavy. The Germans, although their big guns cleared a path for them, had to sacrifice many lives in crossing the river and canals and in driving out the defenders, who held the intrenchments to the last.

The stubbornness of the Belgians and of those who went to their assistance cost them dearly also, so that both sides will have long casualty lists. There is no reliable information as to the loss of life in the city and the damage there.

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GERMANS TO OSTEND

Kaiser's Cavalry Is Within 30 Miles of New Belgian Capital.

TEUTONS CAPTURE GHENT

Invaders Plan to Use Huge Siege Guns to Shell Region of Verdun—Heavy Fighting Occurs at Lens.

On the Battle Front, via Paris, Oct. 14.—The whole German front is preparing to take the offensive along a battleline no less than three hundred miles long.

German cavalry has advanced within thirty miles of Ostend; Ghent, according to a dispatch to the London Star from Rotterdam, has been captured by the invaders; Uhlans, screening a heavy Prussian force, have been encountered all through the territory west of Lille.

These are maneuvers covering the establishment of the new Belgian battle line reaching out from and connecting with the German right wing in France.

Between Arras and the Oise the enemy has renewed his attacks with increasing fury; the plateau north of Soissons continues to be the scene of vigorous offensive movements by the Kaiser's forces, and Verdun, for eight weeks under almost incessant fire from the German guns, now is to be made the target of the monster howitzers that reduced Antwerp.

Belfort, too, is to be battered by the monster siege guns.

The fall of Antwerp was essential to the consummation of far greater and more stupendous plan of campaign being initiated by the German staff, if for no other reason than that it signaled the crushing of Belgium, making three-quarters of the kingdom solidly held by the Kaiser; it eliminated Antwerp as a thorn in the side of Germany, and lastly and most important, it released 130,000 men and the best of the German army, making them available for active operations against the more formidable opponent in France which the Kaiser could not move.

This force under General von Beseler, it is expected, will shortly swing in the southwesterly direction, seeking a junction with the army under General von Boehm, who is supporting von Kluck just over the border.

The attempt of this Antwerp attacking army to effect this junction in its westward movement toward the coast will be the signal, military experts here believe, for a general attack along the whole German battle front.

The French general staff has anticipated this strategy and during the past week is reported to have concentrated sufficient troops at Ostend, including the newly arrived British forces, the Canadian regiments, who are reported to have arrived there, and the Belgians, who have come to Antwerp, to be ready to meet the new German front.

The greatest activity in France aside from the cavalry movements west of Lille occurred in the region of Laasigny, Roye, Lens and Arras. The heaviest fighting took place at Lens, where repeated assaults by the Germans were repulsed with great losses, according to the French official communiqué.

Russ Cruiser and 568 Men Lost.

Petrograd, Oct. 14.—It is officially announced that a German submarine torpedoed and sank the Russian armored cruiser Pallada in the Baltic sea. Of the Pallada's crew of 580 men 568 were lost.

The Pallada was attacked by the submarine while she was in the act of pursuing a Dutch ship in the Baltic, evidently to board her and ascertain her destination and cargo. The Pallada went to the bottom at the first attack.

The submarine then turned upon two of the Pallada's sister ships, which were cruising near by. The cruisers opened fire on the German boat and it plunged under the surface and disappeared.

Russ Flee From Przemyśl.

London, Oct. 14.—A dispatch from Amsterdam to Reuters' Telegraph company says:

"A telegram from Vienna states it is officially announced that the Austrian rapid advance has relieved Przemyśl, Galicia, of the Russians. The Austrians have entered the fortress at all points and where the Russians attempted resistance they were beaten. The Russians fled in the direction of the River San, attempting to cross at Sniawa and Lemay, where a great number were captured. The Austrians also claim victories over the Russians at Lancut and Dy-nia, in Galicia.

British to Watch for Aircraft.

London, Oct. 14.—This official notice of the arrival of hostile aircraft in the neighborhood of the Thames and the Medway, says the mayor of Gravesend in a proclamation, will be the firing of guns from the batteries. The notice reads: "Persons seeking to gratify their curiosity will do so at their own risk. When firing is heard the people should immediately take shelter in the lower rooms or cellars of their buildings and remain there until they are positive the bombardment is at an end."

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 199 Waldo Street, Providence, R. I.

A Minister's Wife Writes:

CLOQUET, MINN.—"I have suffered very much with irregularities, pain and inflammation, but your wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has made me well and I can recommend the same to all that are troubled with these complaints."—Mrs. JENNY AKERMAN, c/o Rev. K. AKERMAN, Cloquet, Minnesota.

From Mrs. J. D. Murdoch, Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. J. D. MURDOCH, 25 Gordon St., South Quincy, Mass.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Women Active in Battle.

In all probability there were numerous women engaged in our Civil war, especially in the gallant South. During the present Mexican anarchy and brigandage the brown women south of the Rio Grande have followed their men by hundreds and gone into the fight with rifles in their hands. The Boer women of the Transvaal fought beside their men in practically every battle of both wars with England and won many laurels by their excellence in marksmanship and bravery. There are battalions of Chinese women ready to support the celestial republic. It is reported that female battalions are being formed in Ireland to defend the homes from invasion. Throughout the Balkans women are preparing for military activities.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

Little Julia's mother had just returned from a visit to the hairdresser with her hair all fluffy. "Oh, mamma," cried Julia, "who fricasseed your hair?" "Listen, Elva," said the fond mother, "and I'll tell you about heaven and its beautiful golden streets." "Never mind, mamma," replied the little miss; "I'd rather wait until I get there and be fricasseed."

Clara, aged five, was hurrying to bed, being very weary after a long journey, when her mother reminded her that she had forgotten to say her prayer. Dropping on her knees by the side of her cot and folding her hands she said: "Please, Lord, what I said last night goes tonight. Amen."

Brain Food Needed.

"Fish are brain food," remarked one member of the angling party as they squatted in the rain. "I need all the brain food I can get," growled the other. "I was an imbecile to come on this trip."

After the War.

"Is this a cubist painting?" "No; it's the map of Europe,"—Judge.

Many a man walks around and runs a risk at the same time.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.

Cure Constipation.

Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature.

Warranted.

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

Notre's Method of Restoring Gray Hair.

NOT A DYE.

You no longer have to use deleterious and destroying drugs and dyes to rid yourself of gray hair. You can do it naturally, safely and harmoniously by using HAY'S HAIR HEALTH.

It is more vital than hair, and it is time you prepared it as you would your health and caused it to come back to its original color. Begin at once! Results are sure. Drugget rest. Money if it fails. Tons and scalp and HAY'S DANDRUFF. Makes hair soft and lustrous. NOT A DYE. 50c, 60c, 85c as drug stores or direct on receipt of price and dealer's name. Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J.

Deserved It.

"Yesterday," said Jahson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ear the whole time."

Your softness of heart does you credit," said Jahson. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife!"—Stray Stories.

At the Movies.

Tess—Why were you weeping in the picture show? Jess—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

It's hard to teach a man anything when he doesn't even know when he is licked.

AGE OF A GREAT ARMY

Is Puzzling to the Civilians, as Be Easily Explained to Student of Warfare.

The points of inaction at some of the great army lines in the European conflict, as reported in the daily dispatches, is apt to be confusing to the peaceable citizen, but to the student the art of warfare the reason for it is frequently clear, as is explained by a military expert in

the special war issue of the Scientific American of October 3, as follows:

It may happen that when fighting extends along a front of many miles, some troops may be more successful than others, and thus gain ground much in advance of the general line. This, if permitted to proceed to any great distance, would have the tendency to leave gaps in the line, or weak spots on the flanks of the successful troops, which would prove most dangerous to the general line, as well as to the advanced troops themselves,

of confronted by a conscious and aggressive opponent. Furthermore the success of the campaign does not depend on isolated advantage of individual units, but on the successful advance of the entire line, the several units (divisions) army corps of field armies supporting each other in the forward movement, all under the supervision of the commander-in-chief. Therefore it may be necessary to hold back the more advanced position of the line until the other units are able to come up.

Reaching Ostend in Safety.

The announcement adds that in the retreat from Antwerp two of the British brigades reached Ostend safely. The other, however, was cut off to the north of Lokeren (a town of East Flanders, 12 miles northeast of Ghent), and 2,000 of the men were interned in Holland.

The retreat of the Belgian army was accomplished successfully. The losses of the British naval brigades probably will be less than three hundred out of a total of 8,000 men.

The fall of Antwerp is evidence that even the most powerful forts are no match for the closest howitzers which the invaders have successfully employed against every fortified place that stood in their way. These huge guns open gaps through which the besiegers find an entrance for their field artillery and infantry.

Enter Through Berchem.

The Germans, after shelling the city itself for many hours, making it untenable, entered the town through the suburb of Berchem, to the east. They had made a breach in the outer line of forts, some of which were destroyed by the big guns and others blown up by the defenders.

The Germans followed similar plans in dealing with the inner belt of forts and at the same time threw shells into the city which set afire many places. The inner forts, like those farther out, soon succumbed to the enormous shells, and on Friday morning several of these forts had fallen, opening the way for the Germans into the city. By midday they were in occupation of the town and at 2:30 in the afternoon the war banner on the cathedral was replaced by a white flag, indicating surrender.

Belgian Army Flees.

A few forts continued to hold out, and it was not until 11 o'clock in the morning that the Germans, according to their own official report, were in complete possession of the city and fortresses. When they arrived they found that the Belgian field army and at least part of the garrison had anticipated them, and, like the king and royal family, had escaped.

The death roll resulting from the attack on and defense of Antwerp has not been compiled, and probably the

those who remained in the city the cathedral, although hit by shells, is only slightly damaged. One of the towers of the cathedral was partly demolished by a shell fired by the Germans.

Plan to Retake Antwerp.

London, Oct. 13.—So important to England and the allies is the permanent possession of Antwerp that Great Britain shall, it is said, put 2,000,000 men in the field and fight for years until we have crushed its defenses with more ruthless artillery than Krupp can devise.

The temporary loss of the city is a serious impediment to the offensive purpose of the allies in the west and may make slower the work of pushing back the Germans to the Rhine.—John L. Garcia in the Observer.

Queen Landed in England.

London, Oct. 13.—The queen of the Belgians is reported to have passed through Folkestone from Dunkirk, proceeding to London. The greatest secrecy surrounded the movements of her majesty.

Warships Crash; Both sink.

London, Oct. 13.—The French torpedo boats 338 and 317 collided off the isles of Porquerolles in the Mediterranean and sank. Crews of both vessels were saved by vessels in the vicinity.

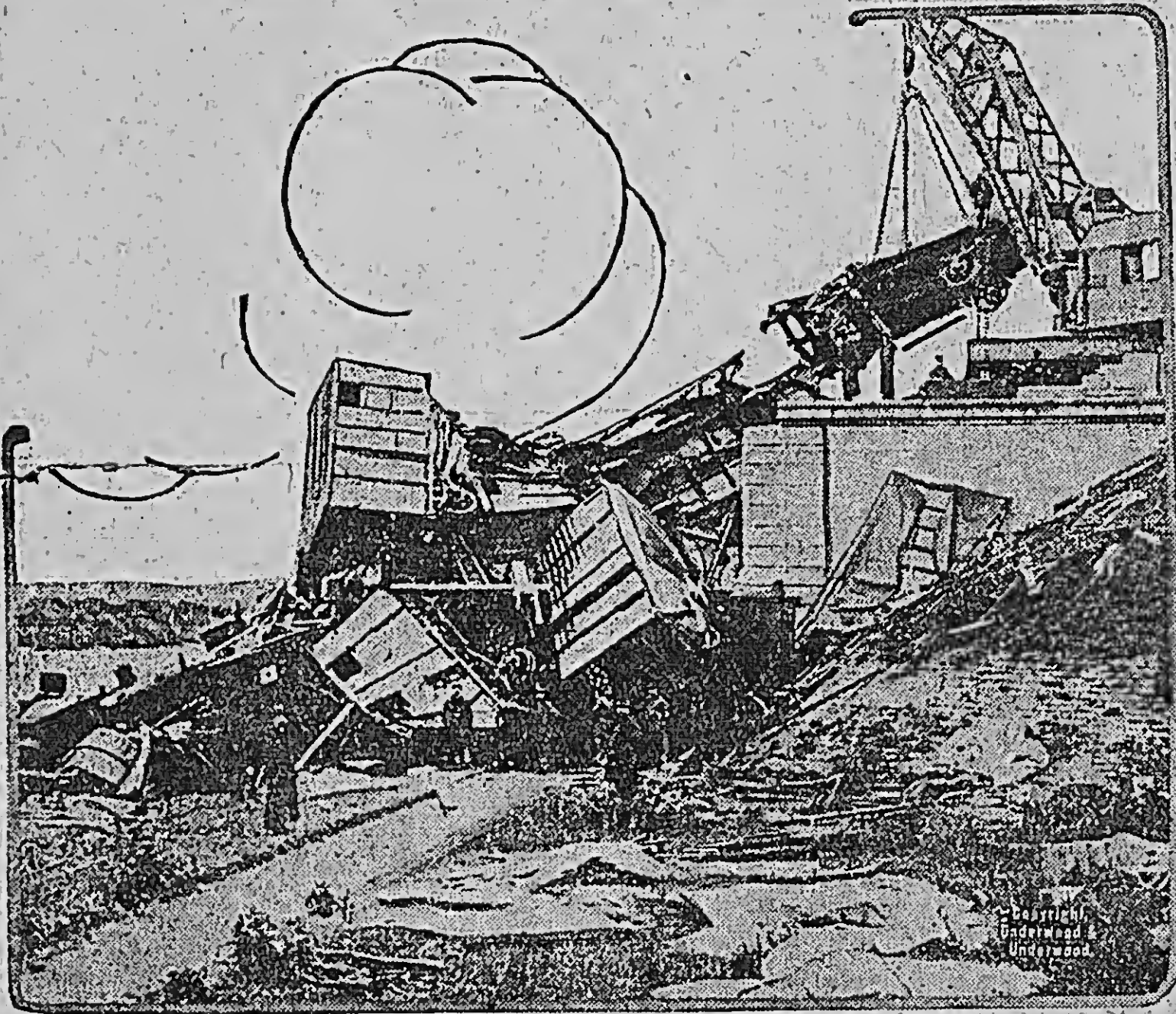
To Take Belgian Archives to London.

SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF HOFSTADE



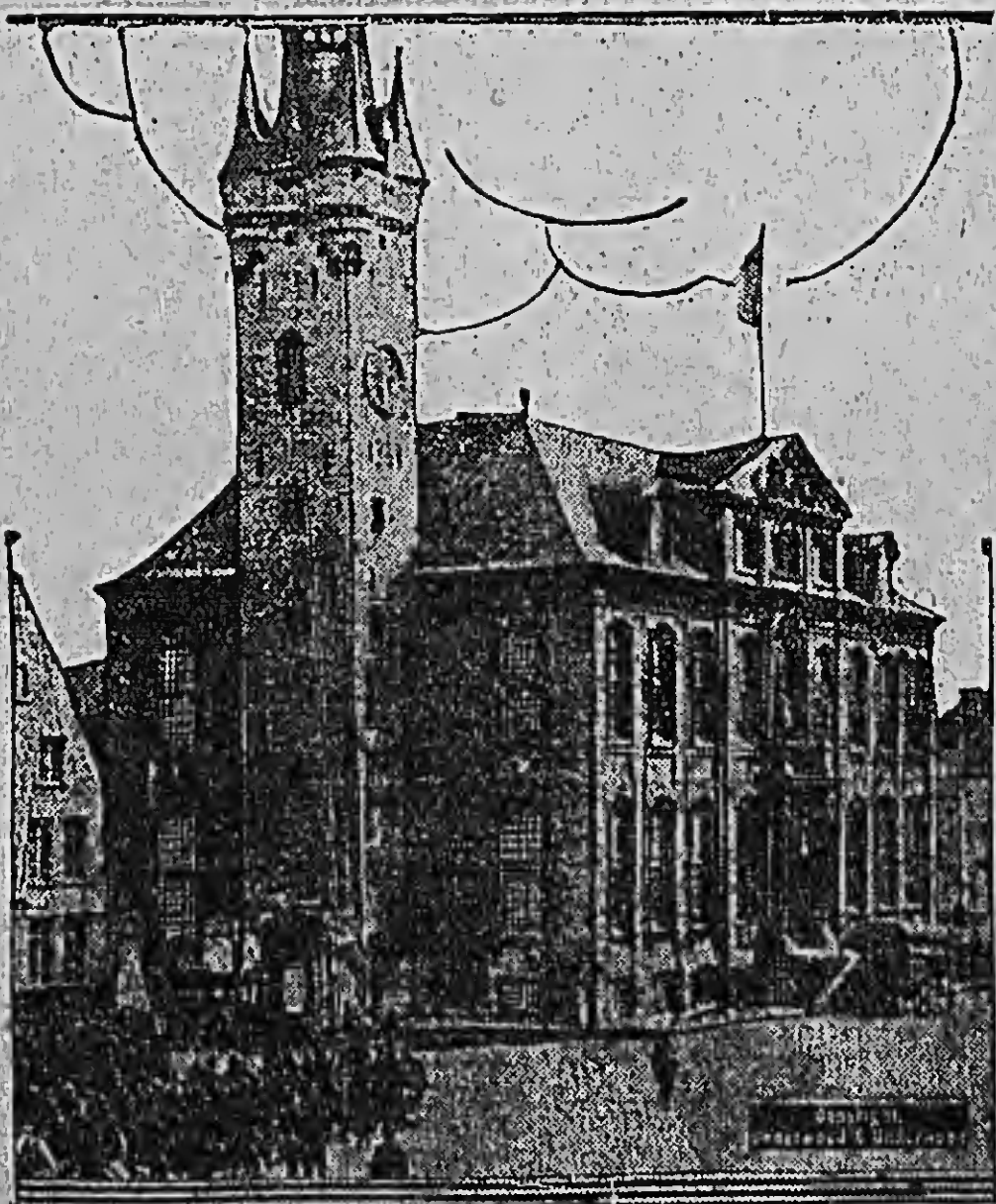
Belgian soldiers in the deep trenches along the railway from which they repulsed the Germans at the battle of Hofstade. At the left are shown some of the big Belgian field guns which checked the advance of the Kaiser's troops in the same conflict.

TERRIBLE WRECK OF A RED CROSS TRAIN



First photograph of the dreadful wreck of a Red Cross train at the Mary bridge across the Marne, in which many wounded French and English soldiers were killed. The bridge had been destroyed by the Germans and the train went into the river.

HEADQUARTERS OF KING OF BELGIUM



This is the ancient town hall at Lierre, which the king of Belgium has been using as his headquarters. In the courtyard are some men of the famous "black devil" regiment of carabineers, which lost two-thirds of its members in action.

HARNESSING UP A WAR DOG



Belgian trooper harnessing one of the dogs that are used to haul the small mitrailleuse guns.

Crawls Back to Death.
Oatland—Lieutenant Steele-Perkins of the King's Own was lifted from the trenches at Mons, wounded four times. Protesting, the British soldier crawled back and was mortally wounded.

BRITISH DRAGON OF INTERRUPTED BREAKFAST

By GEORGE DUFRESNE.
International News Service.
Paris.—The stream of wounded from the battlefields of the Marne and the Oued is being directed past Paris to hospitals in the rear, for the obvious reason that until it is quite certain that Paris will not have to defend herself against attack it would be unwise to fill the ample hospital accommodation of the capital.

In the American hospital only 55 of those 500 beds are occupied. I came across a soldier of the Sixth dragoons, suffering from a bullet wound in the hip that he got at Compiègne. The night before the battle his squadron was on outpost duty. Some firing had been heard, and he rode ahead of the squadron to see what was happening, believing that French cavalry were engaged with the Germans close at hand. He cantered along a moonlit road until suddenly in the shadow of some trees he found himself in the midst of a group of German horsemen. He had his carbine across the neck of his horse and fired point blank into the breast of a German trooper with whose horse his own came into collision. The German was as quick with his weapon, and both men fell to the ground, the German dead, the British with a bullet through his hip. An instant later the squadron came clattering up and cut the German detachment, about thirty strong, to pieces.

Has Strong Prejudice.

The British dragoon has seen things which have given him a strong prejudice against the enemy. In a Belgian village he saw the yet warm corpse of peasant woman who had been struck down by a Uhlan's lance. The Uhlans were riding out of the village as the British rode in, and the man who killed the woman did so because she could not or would not give him some bread.

Once on patrol duty he came across a stationary motor car. In it were three French officers and a lady, all dead, all sitting in the position in which they were when they died. A volley had been poured into the car. The lady's hand hung carelessly over the side of the car, and the fingers showed marks of rings which had been roughly stripped off.

Our cavaliers were, he added, a good deal pestered by the enemy's aeroplanes during the retreat from Mons. Whenever a German aeroplane appeared over a bivouac the order was given to change camp, and weary men and horses had to move further on. One man told in a voice from which the bitterness had not yet passed of a breakfast lost in this way. The meal almost assumed the proportions of a feast. Two geese and three hens he and his mates had prepared for themselves, and just when they were ready to take them from the fire the enemy appeared in force, and the breakfast had not only to be abandoned, but to be abandoned to the Germans.

Turcos Beat Patients.

Of all the patients the best, say the doctors, are the Turcos. There is no limit to the pain they can endure.

Yesterday afternoon the parade of two standards captured from the enemy was accepted by Parisians as a good augury for the success of their arms.

The number of French priests serving with the colors is a good deal larger than has been imagined, and it is stated authoritatively today that as many as 19,000 priests are enrolled as combatants. The departure of the cardinal archbishop of Malines from the Gare St. Lazare gave rise last night to a picturesque scene. The archbishop was fully robed, and stood on the platform surrounded by a large crowd of priests and others who have sympathized keenly with the Belgians in their struggle. As the train left the station he stood in the carriage bowing to those on the platform—an ascetic figure of the Richelieu type, a man of dominant personality, with a charm of pose and expression that made one realize how keenly his work is appreciated by his countrymen in Belgium.

Loss of Horses Appalling.
The wastage of horses during the present war has admittedly been appalling. At the St. Lazare terminus today I met a general with some 200 men of the Ninth French dragoons. They had no horses left and had come to pick up some at present waiting in Paris. They were then taking an eastward-bound train as far as Chateau Thierry. Their purpose was to harass the retreat of the Germans, who at this point in the firing line are said to be utterly exhausted. Whole sections of them are being captured helpless after three sleepless nights. Even the sentries are asleep, and every man capable of doing so has crept into a barn or other shelter to get some rest.

The heroism displayed by the British troops is the subject of admiring comments in the French papers. The

Liberte gives some striking examples. On one occasion the Germans in considerable force tried to enter a town occupied by British troops. One Scottish detachment was entrusted with the task of checking the advancing Germans till the English troops succeeded in retreating in good order. They took up a position in the first house in the town. The Germans directed a violent fire upon the houses, which soon threatened to bury the defenders under their ruins. The German attack slackened, and the Scots realized that the enemy was preparing to take up a still better position. During the lull a Scottish sergeant who occupied a grocery, discovered on the shelves several packets of chocolate, and turning to his men told them: "I'll give a bar of chocolate to every man who kills a German." When the attack was resumed the sergeant gravely proceeded to distribute the promised rewards.

Show Great Bravery.

The day after the same regiment was occupying a trench, swept by violent rifle and artillery fire, when two privates noticed that a Frenchman attached to the battalion as interpreter occupied the most exposed spot in the trench. One private said: "The Frenchman is badly placed, let's widen his trench" and during a minute, paying no attention to the hail of bullets and shrapnel, the privates deepened the trench, and with the same calm resumed their places.

The correspondent adds that the bravery of the English is truly admirable. Although they had suffered heavily, the English never flinched an instant when informed that one of their best units had just been annihilated. They remained silent for a few seconds and then answered with wonderful determination: "Never mind. One day we will have the best of it."

Every newspaper is anxious to pay tribute to British bravery and prowess. After their trying retreat from Belgium the French are delighted that the British should participate in the more congenial task of pursuing the Germans. "We are happy," says the Journal des Debats, "that, after having at one time occupied the thankless position at Mons and Cambrai, our allies have the satisfaction of being with the advance wing of our forces on the side where most trophies have been won."

Still They Came On.

A Coldstream guardaman, writing of the fighting near the forest of Compiègne, compares the sight of the Germans issuing from the trees to a cup-final crowd at the Crystal Palace. "You couldn't miss them. Our bullets plowed into them, but still they came for us. I was well entrenched and my rifle got so hot I could hardly hold it. I was wondering if I should have enough bullets when a pal shouted, 'Up, guards, and at 'em.' The next second he was rolled over with a nasty knock on the shoulder. He jumped up and hissed, 'Let me get at them.' His language was a bit stronger than that."

"When we really did get the order to get at them we made no mistake I can tell you. They cringed at the bayonet, but those on our left wing tried to get around us, and after racing as hard as we could for quite three hundred yards, we cut up nearly every man who did not run away."

Referring to the cavalry he writes: "You have heard of the charge of the Light Brigade. It was nothing to our charge."

Slash and Slash.

I saw two of our fellows who were unhorsed stand back to back and slash away with their swords, bringing down nine or ten of the panic-stricken devils. Then they got hold of the stirrup straps of a horse without a rider and got out of the melee. This kind of thing was going on all day.

"In the afternoon I thought we should all get howled over, as they came for us in their big numbers. Where they came from, goodness knows; but as we could not stop them with bullets they had another taste of the bayonet. My captain, a fine fellow, was near to me and as he fetched them down he shouted: 'Give them socks, my lads.' How many were killed and wounded I don't know, but the field was covered with them."

Gives Boys Chance to Enlist.
Bordeaux.—A decree issued by the French government permits the mother or guardian of a youth under twenty years to act as a substitute for the absent father in authorizing the young man to volunteer for the war. In the case of the death of the mother or the guardian, the local magistrate may authorize the enlistment. This decree is designed to make it possible for a large number of would-be volunteers to enlist. Physically they are fit, but they are under the legal age to join the army.

1,160,000 MEN LOST IN EUROPEAN WAR

Berlin.—Attaches of the war office estimated that the losses of all the armies engaged in the European war have reached the enormous total of 1,160,000 killed, wounded and missing. The German losses up to September 1 numbered 117,000. Since then 23,000 more have been listed and it is estimated that further losses up to the present time have increased the Ger-

man total casualty list to 225,000. The British, French and Belgian losses are estimated at 325,000. Russia, the war officials declare, has suffered more heavily than any other nation. They fix that country's losses at 400,000 men.

Austria's losses are estimated at 125,000, while the German officials believe that Serbia and Montenegro have lost 85,000 men.

The body of the average adult has 28 pounds of blood.

IT requires good tobacco to make good cigarettes, and good tobacco comes high. Only the inexpensive, sensible wrapping enables us to offer 20 Fatima Cigarettes for 15 cents.

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



WELL KNOWS TRUMPET CALL

Army Horse May Lose Its Rider but Always Will Keep Its Formation and Seek Camp.

It was recently announced that the Dutch across the border knew the Germans had been routed by the riderless horses they saw galloping about in troops.

The return of riderless horses to camp is an almost certain sign of a rout that amounts almost to annihilation. A horse may lose its trooper, but unless it is wounded, it will nearly always keep on with the rest.

If the battle is lost, and the army is driven from the field in confusion, the ownerless horses will return to camp or remain on the field, often galloping about in military formation, but avoiding the wounded.

An army horse knows the trumpet call as well as its rider, and when a squadron forms up to charge it will strain at the bit, anxious to be off; but it does not like waiting doing nothing, especially if exposed to fire.

Many attempts have been made to extend the Geneva convention to animals; the proposal has received sympathy everywhere, but nothing definite has yet been done, though every soldier does his best for his steed so far as in him lies.

In this war the purple, instead of red, Geneva cross has been adopted by British horse lovers who intend to follow the battle lines to minister to wounded horses, and to assist riderless charges to escape hunger.

British Nobles as Police.
While all classes of Englishmen, from the highest to the lowest, are fighting for king and country on the battlefield, an almost equally inspiring picture of national unity may be witnessed in England's capital.

For the further protection of life and property hundreds upon hundreds of special police, from marquises to mechanics, are ready for duty in London.

Two of the newest and most distinguished members of the force are the marquises of Lincolnshire and the earl of Selborne.

American Goods in Australia.
Australia has been making steady increases in her purchases of goods from the United States in the five year period following 1909. The total in 1912 was more than \$52,000,000.

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

ran something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by over-worked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; poached egg or two; corn toast; and a cup of Postum, a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, pepping, and—

"Mother" has it easier!
—sold by Groc

RURAL NEWS

LAKE VILLA

Jas. Atwell and wife visited with Waukegan relatives recently.

F. R. Sherwood was in the city the first of the week.

W. G. Hucker is spending some time on a northern hunting trip.

Mrs. John Mitchell entertained company from Burlington over Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Kapple has returned from the McAlister hospital much improved.

R. A. Douglas and wife and Mrs. Hughes were guests of Millburn relatives Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Tower are the proud parents of a daughter born Wednesday, Oct. 7.

E. L. Wald and wife and Clayton Dixon visited at Union Grove Sunday with Mr. Dixon's parents.

Ground was broken Monday for a fine new bungalow to be built on Main street for Frank Hamlin. What next.

Earl Potter and wife visited the first of the week at the Potter home. Mr. H. Potter is able to be about the house a little.

A number of our business men made business trips to Waukegan last week, being called there to attend court as witnesses.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hutchison were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson of Cicero, while in attendance at the annual conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Poulton started the first of the week for their home in southern Illinois. They made the trip with horse and buggy.

Mrs. Hattie Rowling started Thursday evening for a trip to Washington, Oregon and California, where she expects to spend the winter with the L. W. Rowling, C. Allen and other families.

Early Tuesday evening our citizens were called to the Fowler farm to fight fire which had started in the first floor of the residence of Mr. Fowler from an overheated furnace. It had gained such headway that nothing could be saved.

WILMOT

Mrs. Brinkman is reported quite ill. John Moran has been home the past week.

Dr. Darby was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Mrs. O'Malley is spending this week in Chicago.

Miss Edith Darby of Grayslake was home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Volbrecht spent Sunday at Richmond.

Myrtle Susenback has been visiting out of town last week.

Miss Grace Carey had work done in Burlington last week.

Miss Leah Kennedy was a Burlington shopper Tuesday.

Ross Schenning and wife visited their parents here Sunday.

Geo. Faulkner and wife visited at Genoa Junction last Thursday.

Mrs. McGuire is entertaining company from out of town this week.

It is reported that Ernest Peacock has rented the Walter Carey farm.

Art Hessler spent over Sunday with friends at Whitewater and Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn entertained company from out of town last week.

A number from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Chas. Kerwin Monday.

A number from around here attended the play at Bristol Friday evening.

Miss Edna Boumen has accepted a position in the Blanket factory at Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Winchell and Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn were Burlington visitors Friday.

Wm. Peterson of Burlington and Ernest Peacock motored to Zion City last Friday.

Mr. Hegeman and family and Fred Faulkner and wife motored to Zion City last week.

details never will be a Baughton, returned to her accounts describe it as on Saturday after a heavy rain. The Germans, all here.

Miss Florence Faden arrived home on Wednesday after spending several months in the west.

The Liberty Cemetery society will meet at the home of Mrs. Kennedy of Trevor next Tuesday, Oct. 20. Dinner will be served at noon. All are very cordially invited.

Harry Spear has disposed of his barber shop business here to a party from Honey Creek. Mr. Spear expects to move his family the first of the month to Sharon, Wis., where he has purchased another shop. Their many friends are sorry to see them leave.

SILVER LAKE

Miss Marie Boulden was a Sunday caller here.

Miss Cissy was a Milwaukee visitor over Sunday.

R. W. Spafford was tuning pianos here the past week.

Dewitt Dixon and Bert Denn were Chicago visitors over Sunday.

Max Malensky and wife welcomed a baby girl to their home Monday.

Clare Dixon has dissolved partnership with his brother and will move to Iowa. We wish him success in his new enterprise.

Mrs. Chas. Kerwin was taken suddenly ill Friday about noon, medical aid was summoned but she never regained consciousness passing that great beyond at 7:30. Friday evening. She leaves to mourn, her husband, father, mother and other relatives. Mrs. Kerwin was one of Kenosha County's successful school teachers, was beloved by all who knew her. Funeral was held Monday from the Brighton Catholic church. We extend heart-felt sympathy to those who are bereft of their dear one.

But Think of His Friends.
Our ideal of a really democratic man is one who sticks to five-cent cigars no matter how much money he may make.—Atlanta Journal.

HICKORY

Elmer and Almond Pullen spent Sunday at Trevor.

Mrs. Thomas Petersen is visiting at Waterford, Wis.

Mrs. Geo. Edwards spent Tuesday with her son Bert.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wells on Monday, October 12, a baby son.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelt Pullen of Antioch visited Sunday at David Pullens.

Mrs. Stewart of Gurnee is staying with her daughter Mrs. S. W. Ames at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastman of Antioch, visited Sunday afternoon at A. T. Savage's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Swartz of Union Grove, Wis., visited Sunday at Austin Savage's.

Mrs. D. B. Webb returned home Friday after visiting the past two weeks in Chicago.

Way of the Modern Poet.
"Here in my poet's hovel is beating my wounded heart—My trembling fingers are writing a song of my sufferings, smart—Oot that, young lady!—To the desert I-fain would wander; and there would languish and die—Ob, thunder," said the great poet, "I've done enough work for today; tell John to crank my machine, and get me my automobile coat."—Man Lacht.

Her Gentle Hint.
Four year old Aloia was visiting her aunt, who was not used to having children around. At the dinner table for the first few minutes Aloia was forgotten in the serving. The child had always been taught to wait, but after what seemed a long time to her she exclaimed, "Aunt Ruf, I used to eat chicken!"

If You Are Artistic.
If you have artistic tendencies which are crying for expression there is no better way to express yourself than in your personal appearance and the arrangement and decoration of your home. Make yourself and your home works of art. You will find this much more worth while than wasting a large amount of artistic vitality on second rate china painting, sketching, modelling and the like.

Her Husband Died.

At a dinner party given to announce my engagement we discovered there were thirteen seated at the table. One of my friends spoke of it laughingly, but mother said it foretold death. In one month she was in the grave and two weeks after my wedding my husband was stricken with heart disease and died instantly.—Chicago Tribune.

Depth of His Love.

My little son went into the living room where my invalid mother was lying on a couch and in the following quaint way expressed his love for her: He knelt down, put his little arms about her, and said: "Gammie, I dows wish they would all die so I could make pancakes for 'oo."—Exchange.

Nation's Wiser Part.

Since the foolish part of mankind will make wars from time to time with each other, not having sense enough otherwise to settle their differences, it certainly becomes the wiser part, who cannot prevent those wars, to alleviate as much as possible the calamities attending them.—Benjamin Franklin.

Budding Politician.

Little Willie is a kindergarten pupil. His father is a politician. Because Willie had been good all the week the teacher permitted him to choose a game. He lined up his classmates against the blackboard and shouted fiercely: "All who are going to vote for Dempsey hold up the right hand!"

Don't Oil Razor Straps.

"Never put oil on a razor strap," said one of the largest dealers in hardware supplies in New York. "It spoils it for sharpening steel." A new strap should need no attention for a year at least. If it begins to get dry, just take a little ordinary lather and rub it well in. This will soften it again, and nothing more is necessary.

Their Occupation.

"Makin' out the list of human occupations," says old Pop Crabbe, "nature didn't forget the dear boys who wouldn't have nothin' to do if it wasn't for teachin' girls to swim."

Not at Home.

A little girl, on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to heaven, thought deeply for a moment, and then said: "Mamma, if an angel comes asking for me, say I'm not in."

Might Have Been Either.

In a case tried in a Philadelphia court the prosecuting attorney had a good deal of fun at the expense of counsel for the defendant, each of whom seemed as stupid as the other. "Ignorance of the law," interposed the judge at a certain juncture, "is no excuse for violation of law." "May I inquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honor's remarks are directed at the defendant or his counsel?"

A Means of Approach.

Though I am not a smoker I like to carry matches in my pocket. One is always liable to be accosted on the street by some one in need of a light. To be able to give a match is a great luxury. It forms the basis for a monetary friendship.—Atlantic Monthly.

Her Unreasonableness.

"He disappeared one day and stayed away five years. Recently he reappeared, and his wife took him back." "Are they happy now?" "No," he says she's unreasonable about trifles." "How so?" "She wants to know where he was during those five years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Enamelware Cement.

For mending enamelware pots and pans where a hole has been chipped off, the following is effective: Equal parts of soft putty, finely sifted coal ashes and sifted table salt. Mix all together and pack it into the hole. Place the mended article on the stove with a little water in it until the cement gets hard. It never fails, and it becomes as hard as the enamel itself.

Life Preserver Shaped Like Tenpin.

One of the latest substitutes for the ordinary life preserver is a curling device which, when extended for use, has a shape resembling that of a bowling pin. It is intended to be entered by a single person and in that case keeps the user entirely dry, but it is claimed that its buoyancy is so great that, in case of a catastrophe, as many as twenty persons can be supported for an indefinite period by banging to the hoops around the lower part of the hood.

Let Nature Have Its Way.

Don't waste time picking off the dead leaves in spring, but let the sap go up, and the buds will expand, and the dead leaves will fall off themselves.—F. B. Meyer.

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For
Lowest
Prices

HEIN'S

This Store
is the Great-
est Good to
the Greatest
Number

210-212 North Genesee St., Waukegan, Ill.

To Understand the Real Meaning of Style and Economy
You Must Grasp These Money-Saving Opportunities Here This Week

The woman who wants a \$19.50 new fall suit can have it this week at \$12.98

These are beautiful new suits, that we fortunately secured from a manufacturer who makes suits for the finest stores in the country. Neither here or in any store are the same suits sold regularly for less than 19.50, but through an unusual "deal" with this manufacturer we bought them at a price which enables us to sell them this week for \$12.98

They are all in the smartest 45 inch Redingote models, in manish effects, lined to the waist with guaranteed satin, with collar and cuffs of Meritex trimmings. Skirts are yoke style and pleated. Materials are fashionable serges, gabardines, etamine, chevots, etc., in all the new dark shades as navy, green, brown, black. This week only \$12.98

New fall waists, this week at \$1.00

Each day brings us beautiful new waists to fill the inroads on our waists from the previous day's selling. That our \$1.00 waists are the best dollar waists in town is best judged by the enormous number we are each day selling. The ones received yesterday are in crepes, volies and organdies and are the most dainty styles, the finest material \$1.00

Charming Street and Party Dresses,

When you see these lovely dresses you will wonder how they can be sold at this season of the year at \$9.98. They are in beautiful silk and shadow lace combinations. Styled and made like much higher priced dresses. A Wonderful showing and sale this week of all the very newest styles in the beautiful \$9.98 shades.

Girls' aprons—All over percale, nicely trimmed 19c

Boys' Suits—Russian blouses and norfolks; light and dark colors; some sold up to \$5.00; this week \$2.65 size 2 to 8

Boys' Flannel Waists—High military collar 19c

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets are carried in this store; also Nemo, Henderson and R. & G. corsets; 50c to \$5.00

Muslin Petticoats—Deep embroidery, flouncing; really worth \$1 for 59c

Flannelette Petticoats—Regular 50c values at 38c

These all-wool serge skirts at \$2.98

Go out as fast as they come in. We have a standing order with the manufacturers, and it's just about all he can do to keep them coming fast enough to supply our great demands. Is it any wonder, when you note these skirts are in the very newest long tunic and circular style, in the most wanted colors. Many are button and braided trimmed. Skirts that are well worth \$5.00, this week \$2.98

Style and Becomingness—

The essentials of your new fall hat. And we couple these two great factors with that of low price. For this week we have brought out some beautiful new hats that are shown for the first time. Charming styles in both large and small, black and new colors, with trimmings of plumes, quills, velvets, ribbons, flowers and other trimmings without number. An inexhaustible selection.

2.50, 3.50, 4.95 up to 25.00

Thoroughly Good Shoes at

Big Savings.

Woman's button shoes—Dull and patent cloth and kid tops; high and low heel; shoes well worth \$3.00, for this sale 1.85

Boys' English Welt button shoes—all solid leather; regular \$2.85 for \$2.35 size 1 to 5 1-2

Julia Marlowe Shoes—In patent and velour kid; button style, kidney or spool heel; our regular \$3.00 shoe, \$2.45

Other Julia Marlowe shoes \$3.50 and \$4.00

Misses' Button Shoes—Dull leather, with heavy extension soles; sizes 12 to 2 \$1.48

Important Announcement

38 Lots For Sale at

AUCTION

Commencing at One O'clock Sharp, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19th

the entire 38 lots, in Williams' 2nd subdivision, to the Village of Antioch will be sold at Auction, the bidders having the privilege of purchasing them single or in pairs.

Terms of Sale

These lots will be sold on the installment plan, \$50 down and \$10 per month with greater payments at any time. Six per cent interest.

A Chance of a Life Time to Secure a Home

JOS. WALKER,
Auctioneer.

A. H. Craig, Prop.